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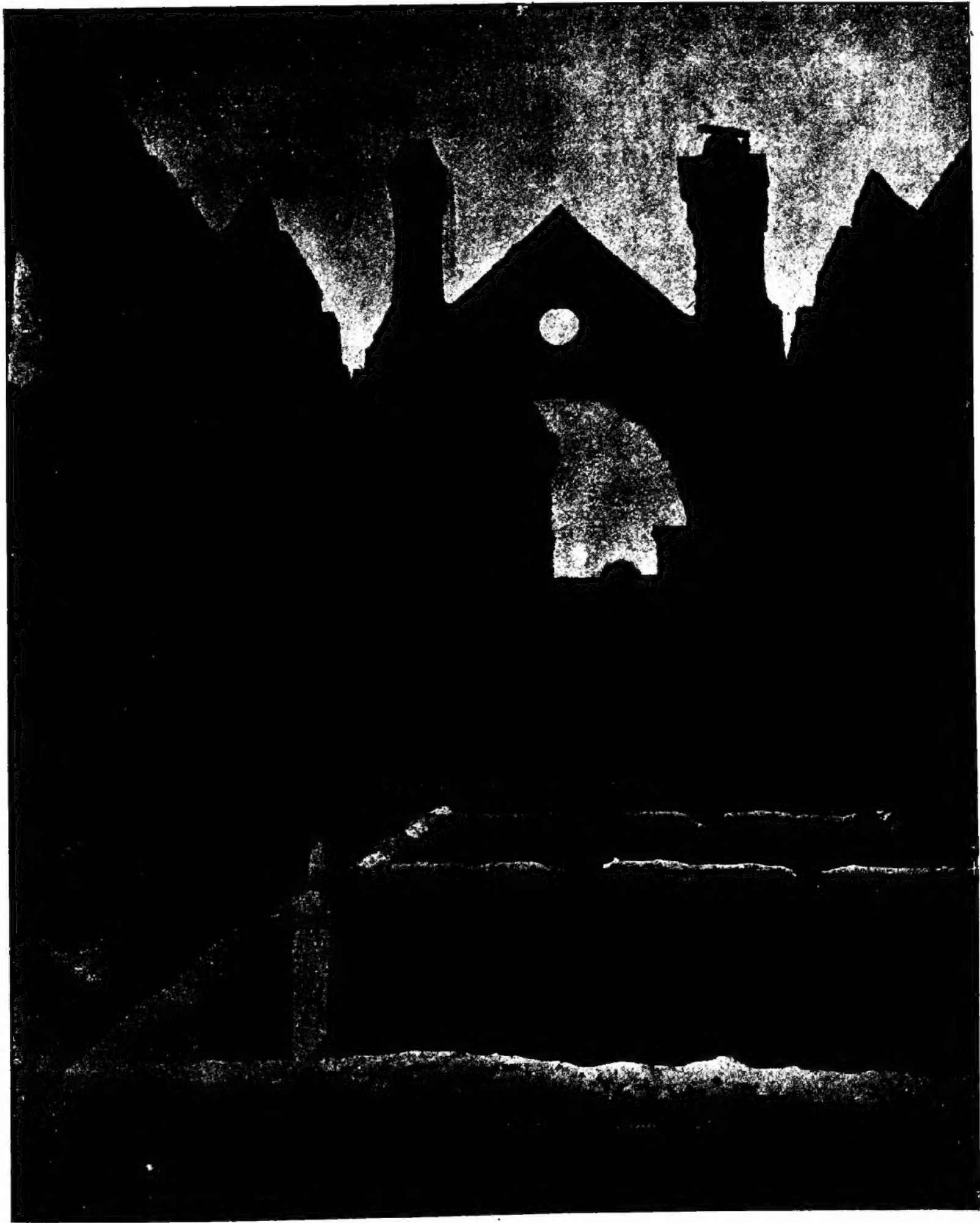
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(REGISTERED.)

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THE TORONTO UNIVERSITY FIRE.—INTERIOR VIEW OF RUINS, MAIN BUILDING, LOOKING EAST.

(Herbert E. Simpson, photo.)

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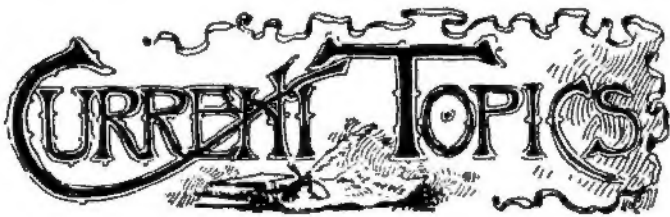
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The report of the general officer commanding the militia, in the last Report of the Department of Militia and Defence, contains some interesting particulars regarding the more recent progress of the Royal Military College, Kingston, an illustrated account of which appeared in this paper some months ago. On the occasion of General Middleton's visit on the 1st of November, he found everything in a satisfactory state under the administration of the new commandant. All the professors and instructors were showing their accustomed zeal in the discharge of their duties. The artillery class was in charge of Major-General Cameron, pending the arrival of Major Nash's successor. Lieut. Moren, R.A., a graduate of the Royal Military College, had been added to the staff of instructors. After pointing out some urgent desiderata—a hospital, more dormitory accommodation, etc.—the report thus refers to a distinguished alumnus of the institution: "One of the oldest graduates, Lieut. Stairs, R.E., as you are aware, has gained a world-wide reputation by the gallantry, zeal and ability displayed by him in Mr. Stanley's late expedition. Stairs has safely weathered all the dangers and hardships of an African exploring expedition, to the great joy and satisfaction not only of his old friends and comrades, but, we may say, all of Canada, and he will doubtless receive all the rewards he merits." Honourable mention is also made of Capt. Wise, late A.D.C. to General Middleton, and of Local Captain Mackay, R.E., who "has been honoured by the bestowal of the Distinguished Service Order for services in Africa." Captain Mackay's friends in this city and elsewhere will be glad to hear of his advancement. General Middleton adds that he continues to hear privately "most gratifying accounts of the other graduates who have joined the Imperial Army and of those who have entered civil life." Sergeant-Major Rogers, the senior cadet of the college, whose acquaintance our readers have already made, has joined the Royal Engineers in England. "His conduct," says General Middleton, "as well as his progress in study, has been most remarkable, and I am sure he will add to the credit already given to the Royal Military College for sending such men to the Imperial service." All this is high praise for Canada's sons, and should fill the heart of every patriotic Canadian with honest pride.

In the course of the speech which he delivered when moving an amendment to Mr. Wallace's Orange Incorporation Bill, Mr. Curran, M.P., made a remark, the truth of which is beyond dispute, and of which the practical self-application

by a large class of our fellow-citizens would be of considerable service to the cause of peace and order. "We have in this bill," said Mr. Curran, "the principle enunciated that the association is essentially a loyal one, and that one of its objects is the inculcation of loyalty. Now, what is loyalty, if it is not respect for the law? The word 'loyalty' is derived from the word 'loi,' and respect for the law is the best meaning for showing our loyalty." Here is a text on which the shepherds of our people, of every name, might profitably preach sermons of instruction and admonition. Indeed, Mr. Curran's pithy sentences, without any further comment, form an admirable sermon which those who run may read, which all of us, pastors and people, would do well to mark, learn and inwardly digest, and the practice of which would keep us on the path of safety, pleasantness and peace.

It was only to be expected that the president of the Western Union Telegraph Company would look upon Mr. Wanamaker's scheme of Government telegraphs with disfavour, and there is, doubtless, a good deal of truth in what he said of the Postmaster-General's policy. From a business point of view, he pronounces it impracticable. Dr. Norvin Green did not deny that he was an interested witness. The rivalry of Government telegraphs would, he felt, be a serious drawback to the success which had hitherto attended the administration of the company's affairs. But he took pains to show that the proposed scheme could only be carried out at a loss. Mr. Charles Whiting Baker, in his work on "Monopolies and the People," brings out very clearly the result of the company's operations, both as they affect the shareholders and as they affect the public. "In 1859," he writes, "the Western Union Telegraph Company was formed, with the avowed intention of combining these warring companies and making the telegraph business profitable. It has exceeded the most sanguine dreams of its promoters by swallowing up its rivals, until the entire system of telegraphic communication of the country is practically in its hands. The effects of this consolidation have been of two sorts. On the one hand we have the telegraph service of the country performed with the least possible work; there is nothing wasted in the maintenance of two or more rival offices in small towns where one is sufficient, nor in operating two lines of wire when a single one would serve as well. On the other hand, it is plain that the public is wholly at the mercy of the monopoly in the matter of rates, and must pay for the telegraph exactly what the corporation asks." The plea that telegraphing is a luxury which only rich people can afford, and that it makes little difference, therefore, whether the rates are high or low, Mr. Baker does not accept. "A principal use of the telegraph is," he urges, "to aid in the prosecution of business; hence, to unduly raise rates is to cause an additional tax on business, on the carrying on of the processes of production. This tax will certainly have its effects, either in decreased profits, decreased wages, or an increased price for the product. Another large class of telegrams are those which are sent, with little thought of the cost, in time of sickness, death or sudden emergency, yet by people whose purse feels severely the tax." The question how monopolies can be controlled—whether by official supervision, under private ownership, or by the State constituting itself both owner and manager, has for years been agitating the

public mind across the lines. Mr. Wanamaker's policy would seem to imply that, as to one great interest, it has reached the stage at which discussion ceases and action begins.

OUR ARCHIVES.

For years the complaint was made that in Canada we had no systematic provision for the collection, classification and safe-keeping of the documentary sources of our history. The Archives Bureau, and the Archivist's work, so familiar to the younger generation of our historical students, were unknown to the puzzled inquirers of a day not very distant. So thoroughly organized is the department to-day, so indispensable, so eagerly sought after are its treasures, so accustomed have we grown to the yearly Report with its prized gleanings from the ever increasing wealth of long buried lore, guarded so jealously in those well-ordered vaults, that we can hardly realize the nearness of those years of perplexed and fruitless search which preceded Mr. Brymner's installation. In the last Report, we have from his own pen a concise, straightforward account of the origin and organization of this important branch of the public service. It was prepared as a paper to be read before the American Historical Association at its meeting in Washington in December, 1888. The leading members of that distinguished body had already learned the value of Mr. Brymner's labours and had made no secret of the help which they had derived from them. Mr. Justin Winsor, of Harvard College, editor-in-chief of the "Narrative and Critical History of America," and Dr. Poole, of Chicago, who had, in successive years, filled the office of president of the Association, and Prof. H. B. Adams, the secretary, expressed their high opinion of Mr. Brymner's services to the cause of historical research. Prof. Adams said that from Mr. Brymner's paper the Association had "learned what scientific order can be brought out of a chaos of state papers by well directed efforts with only moderate government aid."

After defining the functions of the Archivist as distinguished from those of the librarian and of the historian, and emphasizing the importance to himself of bearing that distinction in mind, Mr. Brymner points out that, under the peripatetic system of the Union régime the systematic collection of records was virtually impossible. After federation, the provinces retained much valuable material. Not until 1871 were steps taken to arrange what material might be forthcoming. The new bureau began its career in June, 1872, as a branch of the Department of Agriculture, Arts and Statistics, and Mr. Brymner was selected to organize it. He "was furnished with three empty rooms and very vague instructions." The year 1872 was spent in visiting the provincial capitals. In 1873 he went to London, and his first selection was the Haldimand correspondence (the calendar of which is concluded in the present volume), a series that throws a flood of light on a period hitherto exceptionally obscure. Not the least welcome result of the disinterment of this mass of documents is the illustration of Haldimand's own character—long misunderstood through superficial judgment from imperfect data. The thirty volumes of the Bouquet collection—which formed part of the gift of Mr. W. Haldimand, the Governor's great grand-nephew, to the British Museum—have also been copied and calendared. Among the *spolia opima* of 1873 there was a mass of military

correspondence at Halifax, which Mr. Brymner secured for Ottawa. There were in all 82,000 titles, or, in round figures, 300,000 documents! These Mr. Brymner, left wholly to his own devices, determined to arrange in chronological order, and his description of the task must be read by those inquirers who would know how much they are in his debt.

The collection covers the period from 1785 to 1870, and relates, not only to purely military affairs, but to a number of questions that are partly military, partly economic, diplomatic, or concerned with the progress of settlement and the growth of communities. "To facilitate research," says the Archivist, "I had an index placed in each volume," and this index comprises "every name of every person and place mentioned, together with such subjects as could be briefly stated." To relieve the drudgery of indexing, Mr. Brymner began to make abstracts—specimens of which have been published since 1884—of the Haldimand and Bouquet collections as they arrived. This made the documents readily accessible and insured thorough revision of the copies. On doubtful points lists were made and transmitted to London for examination, and thus "as exact copies have been secured as it is possible to obtain in transcribed documents." In no case has any variation from the original been allowed. In addition to the larger collection there are several smaller ones of miscellaneous character. The registers of early Acadia have been copied as far as they could be obtained, as well as those of the French settlements in the West.

In the Report for 1881 Mr. Brymner discusses the whole subject of keeping public records, illustrating his conclusions by the history of the English Public Record Office, the work of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, and the method of record-keeping in Scotland—based in every case on personal inquiry. In the volume for 1882, in asking for enlarged space, he showed the extent and nature of the ground to be covered, if the Archives were to be of national rather than merely local usefulness. The Reports for these two years should be carefully read by those who would have a correct notion of Mr. Brymner's aim and *modus operandi*. "In order," he writes, "to make the papers there (in the Archives department) easily accessible, it is necessary that there should be room to arrange systematically the various documents, manuscript or printed, according to provinces, subjects and periods, besides divisions being set apart for those of a general nature, bearing more or less directly on the interests of the Dominion or the provinces, such as, to mention two instances, commercial and vital statistics." Mr. Brymner then divides the whole course of Canadian history into ten periods—that of the French régime, of each province and the Territories from the date of organization under various influence and control to 1867, or their admission, later, into the Confederation—these divisions being, in some cases, subdivided for convenience of arrangement and consultation. He suggests a supplementary or complementary division for Newfoundland. The importance of having a general collection of historical documents for the Dominion and a special one for each province, Mr. Brymner insists on not only to save investigators needless trouble and expense, but as a guarantee against the total loss by fire of valuable papers.

Having prepared his "plan of campaign," Mr.

Brymner lost no time in putting it vigorously into execution. "I, therefore," he says, "conceived it to be absolutely necessary to set about the work of collecting, as at least a beginning, the printed journals, sessional papers, departmental reports, etc., of all the provinces. The attempt to obtain the earliest of these records has been fairly successful. The gathering of them as they are issued; the securing of pamphlets, new and old, even of fly-sheets, has been carefully attended to. In several cases the early provincial records in printed form (on the shelves of the Archives Bureau) are much more complete than those in the libraries of the Provincial Legislatures."

How valuable papers, which to the inexperienced eye might seem absolutely worthless, may sometimes prove to the historical inquirer, Mr. Brymner illustrates by a citation from the writings of a modern Egyptologist: "The relations of one monarch to another have been found on scraps of vases, chips of wood and fragments of papyri." The only sure rule is "that nothing be lost," and it is his rigid adherence to this rule, with his admirable patience and conscientious regard for scrupulous accuracy in transcription, which makes Mr. Brymner's work so invaluable to the student or writer of history, or the interested seeker of important information. Like hundreds of others, we can, moreover, give our personal testimony to the courtesy and painstaking with which he answers all inquiries addressed to him, whether the knowledge sought affect an individual or a family, or be of moment in deciding a historical question. We say this, not for the benefit of Mr. Brymner, who does not need our praise, but to let our more distant readers know that the wealth of knowledge in our Archives is accessible to all.

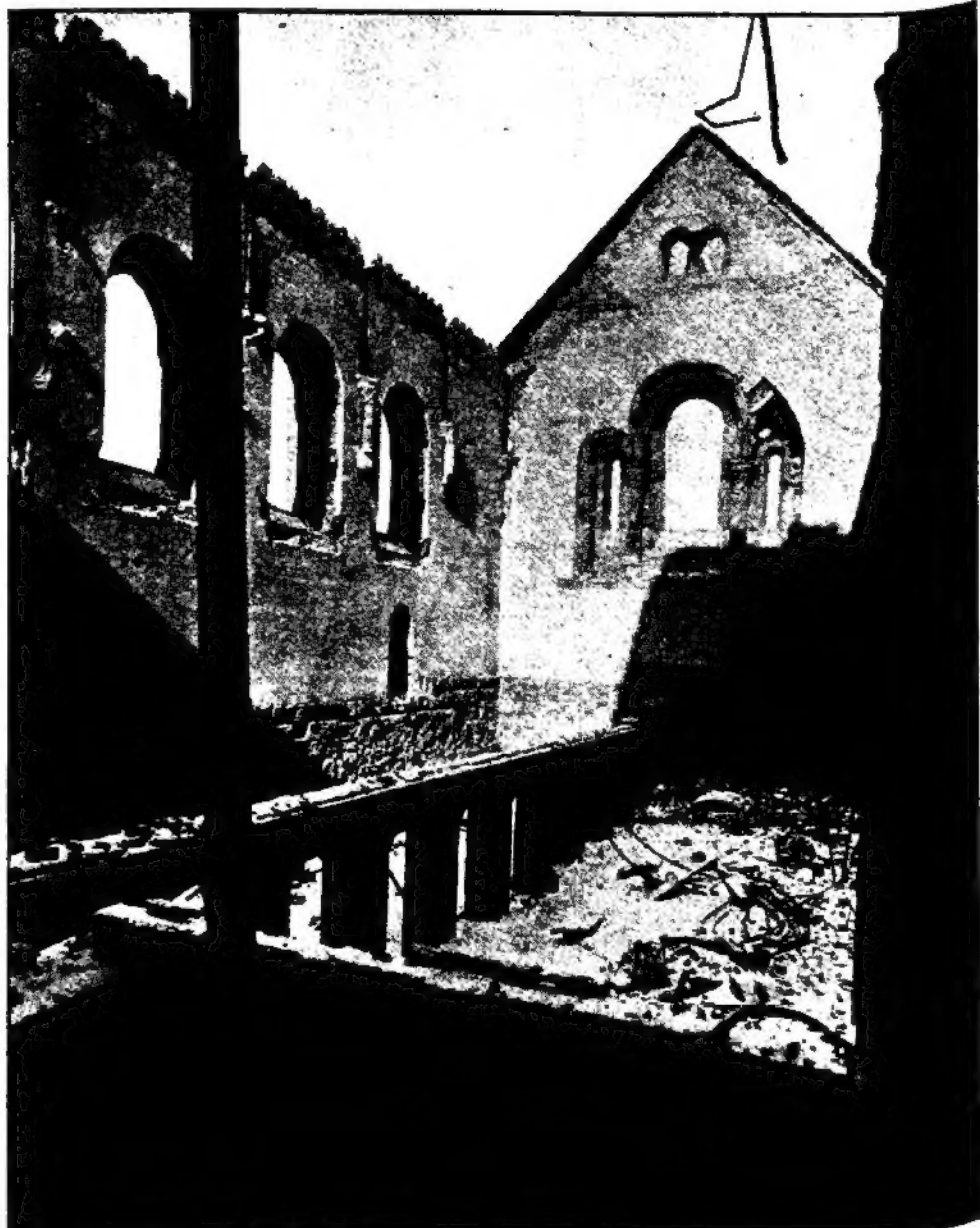
The Reports now published began with the short preliminary one issued with that of the Minister of Agriculture for the calendar year, 1872. That Report is worthy of a place in Mr. Johnson's enumeration of "First Things," and as marking the inception of a work which is now one of the most important departments of the Civil Service of the Dominion, has a value greatly disproportionate to its bulk. The next Report (for 1873) gives an account of Mr. Brymner's visit to the Tower of London, the Public Records Office and the British Museum, and synopses of the Bouquet and Haldimand collections. Then comes (1874) the special Report of Abbé Verreault's Mission to Europe. M. Verreault was ignorant at the time of Mr. Brymner's previous mission, so that he gave his attention to some of the manuscripts that Mr. Brymner had already examined. His Report is, nevertheless, as might be expected from his learning and experience, of very real value, and, where his inquiry was covered by Mr. Brymner, he was able to confirm that gentleman's conclusions and recommendations. Especially valuable are his investigations in the Bibliothèque Nationale, the Archives of the Marine and the Foreign Office, Paris. He also visited Lille, Brussels, Liège, Metz, Rouen, Bordeaux, Marseilles, Toulouse, Annécy, Grenoble and Pizanzon Castle (the two last places having associations with Mgr. Saint-Valier, second Bishop of Quebec), and discovered that French manuscripts relating to Canada had, during the Revolution, been taken to St. Petersburg and placed in the Imperial Library of that city.

The Report for 1881 was the first issued in a separate volume, and ever since the appearance of Mr. Brymner's yearly Report has been eagerly

looked for by every student of Canadian history. Nine such volumes have already been published, on the value of which both intrinsically and as indicating the progress of the work of collecting, transcription and classification, we need not dwell. In 1883 Mr. Brymner returned to London and obtained much more favourable conditions for transcribing state papers than the rules in force would allow. What is thought of his labours in England is shown as well by these privileges as by the following extract from the Forty-third Annual Report of the Public Record Office: "Since Mr. Brymner's return to Canada he has made a most interesting Report on the subject of his inquiries in Great Britain, which has been printed, and a copy of which, with the permission of the Canadian Ministry, is annexed to this Report. It has been annexed as printed in Canada. Although there are many statements therein which are already mentioned in various Reports of the Departmental Keeper of the Public Records, it contains much other useful and interesting information on the Records of the United Kingdom, and merits a wider circulation in this country as giving the opinion of an officer not connected with the English Records and as affording a well deserved testimony to the praiseworthy exertions of Mr. Brymner."

In July, 1883, Mr. Brymner had the happiness to receive as Assistant Archivist, Mr. Joseph Marmette, a well known French-Canadian *littérateur*, the results of whose investigations in France are published in the Reports for 1883, 1885, 1886 and 1887. When the work of transcription has been completed, the Archives will be enriched by a mass of material, the importance of which Mr. Marmette has indicated in these volumes. At present, besides the documents already mentioned, the shelves contain the series headed "America and the West Indies" from the year 1755 onward, which include valuable sources of knowledge on the events of the great struggle then begun; the "Colonial Series," Loyalist papers, parish and notarial registers, the publications—some 400 volumes—of the British Public Record Office, and a select library of works of prime importance—some of them rare—on our general and local annals, statistics, colonization, etc. "My ambition," writes Mr. Brymner, in concluding his paper before the Historical Association, "aims at the establishment of a great storehouse of the history of the colonies and colonists in their political, ecclesiastically, industrial, domestic, in a word, in every aspect of their lives as communities. Included in this should be the history of the old French régime in Acadia, Canada, Louisiana and the West; of all the British colonies in America, from their beginning down at least to 1796, when the last of the frontier posts were transferred to the United States. The fortunes of all were so intertwined that it is impossible to separate the records of them without injury. It may be a dream, but it is a noble dream. It has often spurred me to renewed effort, when the daily drudgery—for it is drudgery—was telling on mind and body. It might be accomplished, and Ottawa might become on this continent the Mecca to which historical investigators would turn their eyes and direct their steps. But who is sufficient for the task?"

If the old proverb be true, the task is half accomplished already, and the opinions that we have quoted from experts on both sides of the Atlantic do not lead us to apprehend that it will be left unfinished.

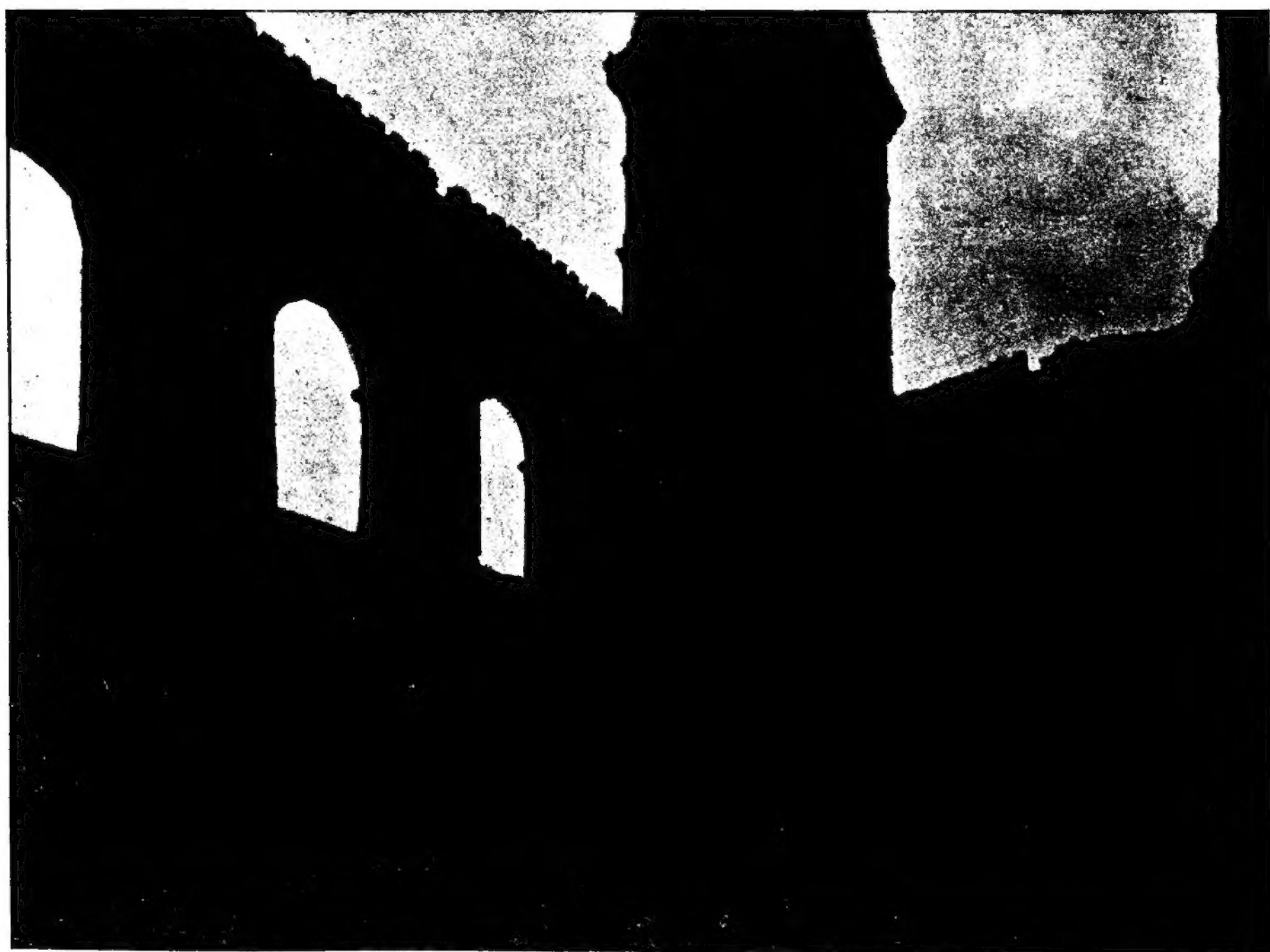


THE TORONTO UNIVERSITY FIRE.—INTERIOR VIEWS OF THE RUINS.

THE MUSEUM.

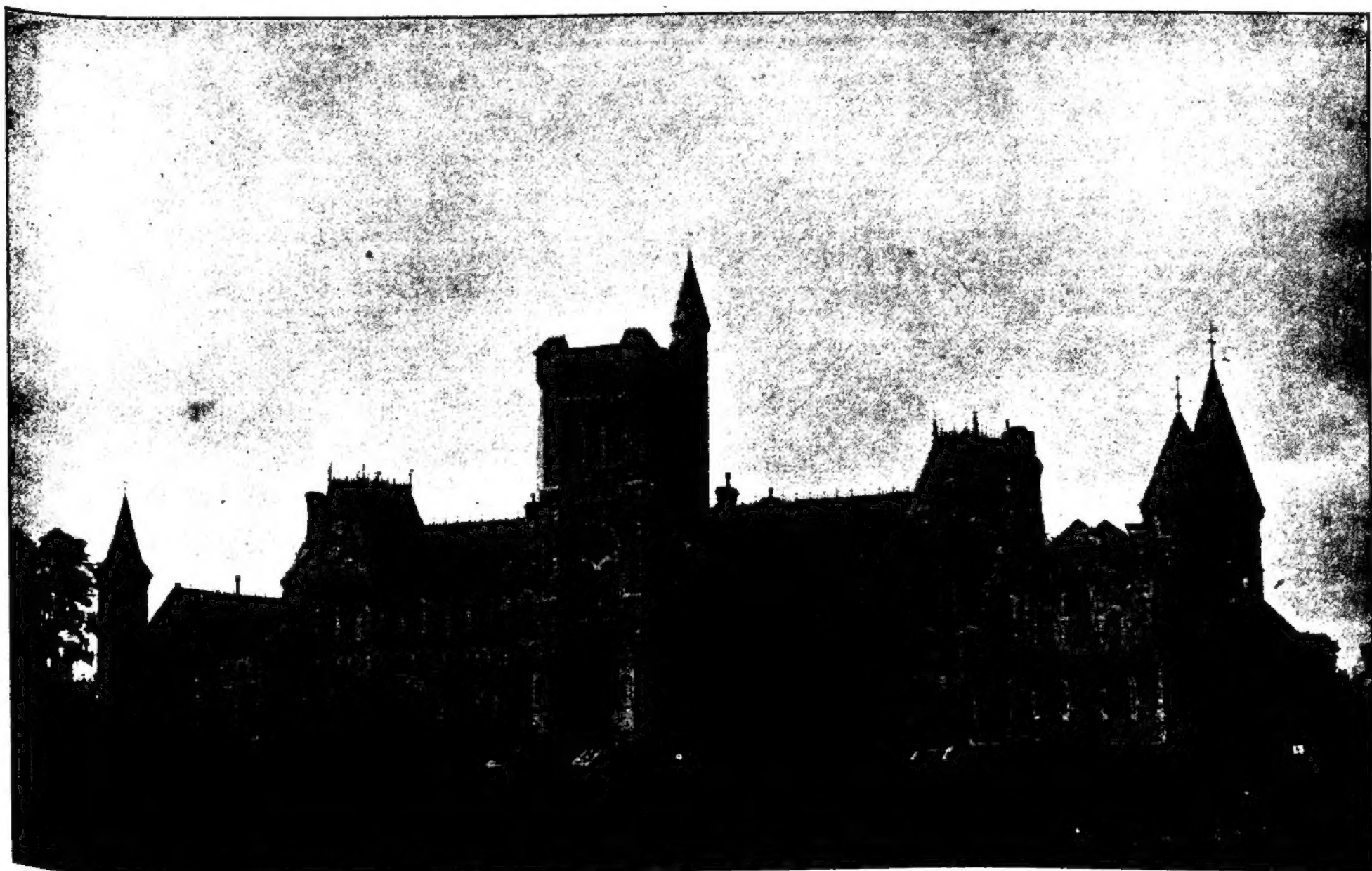
(Simpson, photo.)

CONVOCATION HALL, LOOKING NORTH.



THE TORONTO UNIVERSITY FIRE.—CONVOCATION HALL, LOOKING SOUTH.

(R. W. Anderson, photo.)



THE TORONTO UNIVERSITY FIRE.—VIEW OF THE BUILDING BEFORE THE FIRE.
(Herbert E. Simpson, photo.)



THE TORONTO UNIVERSITY FIRE.—VIEW OF THE RUINS, THE MORNING AFTER THE FIRE.
(Herbert E. Simpson, photo.)



TORONTO UNIVERSITY BEFORE AND AFTER THE FIRE OF THE 14TH INST.—While McGill's professors and students were getting ready for their annual dinner and those of Toronto University were preparing for their annual conversation, an alarm of fire spread consternation through Queen's Park and its neighbourhood. The students had left the building in the afternoon, intending to return at eight o'clock. A few persons were in the college making the final arrangements for the evening. Mr. J. W. Sparrow and two assistants were looking after the illumination, and Mr. Eversfield, the engineer, was superintending the heating. Mr. A. Pride, sub-curator, and Mr. G. Goodwin, caretaker of the Science School, were lighting the lamps. The janitor, Mr. Durance, was up stairs, and there were a few students moving about. It was nearly half-past six when Messrs. Pride and Goodwin were carrying a wooden tray covered with lighted lamps from the vaults of the stairway that led to the library and reading rooms, when, on leaving the landing at the top of the vault stairs, the tray came in pieces and one of the lamps was upset. They tried to carry their load out by a door that was behind them, but the flames prevented them, and they were forced to drop their perilous burden and rush out. The progress of the fire was terribly rapid. The reception and study room of the lady students, the president's waiting room, the reading rooms and the library, were soon invaded by the destructive intruder, and in a wonderfully short space of time the whole interior, with all its precious contents—books, specimens, apparatus, manuscripts, portraits, flags, decorations—was one mass of living flame. So intolerable did the heat quickly become that the engineers were unable to reach the hose. The water pressure of the hydrants near the vestibule was not sufficient to throw a powerful stream. Fortunately all who were in the building were enabled—with the janitor's aid—to escape; otherwise the loss of property would have been sadly aggravated by loss of life. Meanwhile the disastrous news had spread with the rapidity of the fire itself, and before the firemen had brought the flames under control, there were few in the city that did not know that the stately pile had been well nigh utterly demolished. Crowds of people came hurrying from all directions, and on the lawn in front a multitude of eager spectators stood ankle deep in snow and slush awaiting the issue of the conflagration. The excitement was intense as its citizens saw the pride of Toronto passing to inevitable dissolution. The firemen wrought heroically, but their efforts were futile to save the building from being gutted. Volunteers were not lacking, and a number of students constituted themselves into a salvage corps. But comparatively little was saved from what was virtually a holocaust. In the president's waiting-room were valuable ethnological specimens gathered with infinite judgment and pains in half a life time. The contents of the physical laboratory were saved in part, but some precious instruments and specimens were sacrificed. The library fell almost wholly a prey to the flames. It was considered only second in the Dominion to the National Library at Ottawa. Some of the treasures of the department of archaeology cannot be replaced. The feeling, not only in Toronto, but all over the Dominion, when the disaster became known, was that of the utmost regret and sympathy with the venerable president and his colleagues. Both Ontario and Quebec promptly came to the assistance of the University authorities, and, what with the grant and the insurance and other help, there is every prospect of a speedy restoration. Mr. Storm, of the firm of architects that designed the structure, hopes to maintain the much admired features of the edifice, so that, ere long, Toronto and Ontario, and all who are interested in the advancement of sound higher education in the Dominion, will have the satisfaction of seeing a pile as tasteful as the old and better adapted to the needs of the professors and students occupying the well known site. In a former issue we gave a view of the fire and the crowd gathered around it. We now offer four views showing the University as it was before the conflagration and details of the ruins of the building.

RIDEAU HALL, THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S RESIDENCE, OTTAWA.—Twenty-five years' of "vice-regal" residence can hardly be supposed to have given to Rideau Hall the manifold charm of association that makes Spencer Wood, with its memories of nearly three centuries, a thing of beauty to the poet dreaming of "Auld Lang Syne," no less than to the artist enraptured with the loveliness of the scene. Neither have Rideau Hall and its fair surroundings as yet found a LeMoine to celebrate their glories and to delight and instruct every inquiring visitor with his gathered lore. As Ottawa begins to mellow with age, however, local historians will not be lacking, and there is certainly in the Federal Capital no dearth of clever writers to undertake the task of description and relation. To one of these, Mr. F. A. Dixon, we are indebted for an excellent chapter in "Picturesque Canada," devoted entirely to the points of interest in and around the Federal Capital. "Government House," writes Mr. Dixon, "is about two miles from the city. Past the Rideau Falls the road leads on through the village of New Edinburgh to the lodge gates. . . . Literally devoid of any attempt at architectural style—a piecemeal agglomeration of incongruous

brick, plaster and stone—Rideau Hall, or Government House, is at once one of the most unpretentious and disappointing yet comfortable of residences. Set in a delightfully varied area of grass, garden and forest, comprising nearly ninety acres of land, the building presents an aspect the most commonplace to the visitor, who sees only the bare wooden porch of the doorway, flanked on the right by the tennis court (which by a charming transformation does duty as a supper-room), and on the left by the ball room. But the pleasantness of the place lies in the yet unseen. Away back from that unprepossessing central doorway stretches a long, graystone, two-storied building, whose rooms look out upon flower gardens and conservatories, and which has all those delightful surprises in the way of cosy, oddly shaped apartments, such as buildings which have grown, bit by bit, from small beginnings so often possess. . . . Here in the grounds, reared on a high mound, there rises far above the tree-tops all through the summer, a huge, bare structure of stout timbers, from the summit of which descends, at a steep angle, a boarded trough, ending with the foot of the hill, which winter sees snow-covered and the centre of laughter and most hearty, healthful fun. This, and two fine smooth areas of well-kept ice, and a long covered rink for the benefit of curling, are among the attractions to hundreds of guests of the House through the winter season. It is a merry, jolly scene, when the rinks are crowded with skaters performing all manner of intricate figures and dances, while the sharp hiss and clink of the steel form a cheery accompaniment to the roar and rush of the toboggan as it sweeps down with its laughing load and vanishes far away under the distant trees." When Mr. Dixon wrote, Lord Lorne was our Governor-General, and he mentions the eager interest of His Lordship and the Princess Louise in these winter sports. It was the Marquis of Lorne who introduced the new charm of tobogganing by torchlight, and "a more quaint fairy picture could not be desired than this affords. Hundreds of Chinese lanterns dot the trees or hang in festoons, while the long course is outlined with flaming torches and a monster bon-fire throws a ruddy glow over everything. . . . Into this merry sport, as into all others which the bright Canadian winter offers, the Princess enters with the hearty zest of her simple, unaffected, womanly nature, laughingly beguiling her more timid guests into essaying the descent with her, and successfully 'taking them down.' Both the present Governor and his predecessor, throwing the same energy into their play as into their work, have been the life and soul of rink and slide; and the natural, home-like life of the 'Hall,' which so many hundreds have shared, is at its brightest in these constantly repeated gatherings." We have to add to this pleasant and animated picture that the cordial hospitality and simple gaiety which made Rideau Hall the centre of so much genuine pleasure during the administration of Lords Dufferin and Lorne have equally characterized the régimes of their successors, and that the associations of the place, though lacking the prestige of age are such as to give pleasure and pride to all loyal Canadians.

VALLEY RIVER, 24 MILES FROM ITS MOUTH.—If our readers will consult any good map of Manitoba (Brownlee's for instance), they will find that Valley River takes its rise in the interspace between the Duck and Riding mountains, and flows into Lake Dauphin. Little was known about this mountain region before the explorations of Mr. J. B. Tyrrell, in 1887. Early in that year he and Mr. D. B. Dowling left Ottawa for Brandon, whence they started on their journey northwards to Strathclair. From that point they made an odometer survey up the Little Saskatchewan, across the Riding Mountains and down the Vermilion River to Lake Dauphin. An odometer survey was next made across Wilson River to Valley River. "North of Valley River," writes Mr. Tyrrell in his report, "one of the rounded gravel ridges, known to the Indians as 'pitching ridges,' was followed first with a buckboard and odometer, and afterwards on horseback, as far as Fork River, a fairly accurate sketch-map being at the same time made of the eastern face of Duck Mountain." Then, finding that progress would be slow north of Fork River, the party returned to Valley River and made an odometer survey of the cart-trail leading westward along this stream, passing through the gap that separates the Duck from the Riding Mountains in a wide glacial valley leading down into the Shell river, from which the trail was followed and surveyed over the high ground northward to the village of Russell. After conducting similar surveys along the Shell river, the party turned westward to Angling Lakes, where Cote's Band have their metropolises, and from the Indian village a track survey was made of the stream that flows northward into the largest and most eastern of the Angling Lakes, till it flowed out of the valley, separating the Duck and Riding Mountains. This was found to be the main branch of the Valley River. Of two pack trails leading northwards from the village, one was found to run up the west branch of the Valley River to its source. In the course of their exploration, Mr. Tyrrell and his companion took sixty-six photographs of the country examined. It is from two of these that our engravings of Valley River and The Camp at Snake River Crossing are taken.

THE HON. WILLIAM MILLER, SENATOR.—This gentleman is of a stock which helped to settle a large portion of this continent. In the 17th and 18th centuries a considerable proportion of the pioneers who landed on the Atlantic coast from Nova Scotia to South Carolina were Scotch-Irish emigrants from Ulster. From these Irish Scots sprang some of the most noted families and individuals that have left their impress on the history of both the United States

and Canada—Henry, Buchanan, Jackson, Calhoun, Harrison, etc. The family to which Senator Miller belongs came from the County Antrim to Maine in 1720, and forty years later a branch of it moved to Colchester, N.S. His great-grandfather was one of the original grantees of the town of Truro, the early history of which has been ably sketched by the Hon. Sir Adams G. Archibald. His father was Mr. Charles Miller, of Antigonish, N.S. His mother was a daughter of Richard Smith, Esq., who came from the County Wicklow in 1811 and settled at the same place. There Senator Miller was born in 1835. Having studied at St. Andrew's Grammar School and Antigonish Academy, and taken his course in law, he was called to the Bar in the year 1862. In 1872 he was appointed Q.C. He was elected to the Nova Scotia Assembly at the general election in 1865, and held his seat in that body till Confederation, to the cause of which he was able to render important service. It was on Mr. Miller's suggestion that the delegation was sent to England in 1866 to secure such modifications in the union scheme as would satisfy opposing parties. Mr. Miller did not favour some of the details of the arrangement concluded at Quebec, and he was anxious, if possible, to reconcile the antagonists of the union scheme in his native Province by making the terms more acceptable to them. He declined, however, to act as a delegate to the London Conference. After the passage of the British North America Act, constituting the Dominion of Canada, he was one of those who were called to the Senate by Royal proclamation. During several sessions of Parliament he was Chairman of the Committee on Private Bills in the Senate, and occupied the same position for some years on the Contingent Committee. Senator Miller has twice refused a seat on the Bench—once when offered by the Hon. A. Mackenzie, and later when offered by the Government of Sir John A. Macdonald. On the 17th of October, 1883, Senator Miller was appointed Speaker of the Upper House. In October, 1871, Senator Miller was married to the daughter (Annie) of the late Hon. James Cochrane, of Halifax. He is held in high esteem both in public and private life.

THE LATE MADAME CHARLES E. CASGRAIN, nee ELIZABETH ANN BABY.—This venerable lady, whose death was recently recorded, was justly esteemed for her high character and remarkable mental and moral qualities. She was much respected in a wide circle, not only among families of social distinction like her own, but also among the humble classes, who remember her benevolence and unostentatious charities. Her father was the Honourable James Baby, Speaker of the Legislative Council of Upper Canada. Her mother was Elizabeth, daughter of Judge James Abbott, of Detroit. She was born at Sandwich November 18th, 1803, and was educated by the Ursulines of Quebec and by private tutors. She was well read in the French and English classics, and her mind was stored with profound rather than superficial learning. In October, 1823, she was married to Charles E. Casgrain, a son of the *Seigneur* of River Ouelle, but became a widow in 1848, her husband having died while filling the position of Commissioner of Public Works. Madame Casgrain was left with a family of thirteen children (one having died), consisting of five daughters and eight sons, none of whom had at that time entered a profession. The eight sons are still living. They are Senator Casgrain, Mr. P. B. Casgrain, M.P.; Mr. Auguste Casgrain, who resides on the property at River Ouelle; l'Abbé Casgrain, of literary repute; the Rev. R. Casgrain, *curé* of Sillery; Mr. Wm. T. Casgrain, C.E., of Milwaukee; Mr. Alfred Casgrain, a resident of Tacoma, W.T., and Mr. Herménégilde Casgrain, of the Patent Office at Ottawa. The surviving daughters are Madame de Martigny, of Quebec; the Rev. Sister Ste. Justine, Provincial of the Nuns of the Congregation, of Ottawa, and the Rev. Sister Baby, of the Grey Nuns, Montreal. Susannah (the eldest daughter) was married to Senator Pelletier, and died in 1862, and Marguerite (the youngest), also a Nun of the Congregation, died in 1871. The grandchildren and great-grandchildren of Madame Casgrain are numerous. Her life was entirely devoted to the education of her large family, and she may well be cited as an excellent type of the Canadian mother. Her domestic virtues and her quiet Christian life, her sweetness of disposition and her refined mind and manners, endeared her to every one in and about the old manor of River Ouelle, where she dispensed a simple but charming hospitality. Having seen her children all fairly settled, she retired in 1871 to the convent of the good Sisters of Charity in Quebec, the better to prepare herself for a future life. There, in the constant exercise of fervent devotion and saintly life, she quietly committed her soul to God on the 1st of February, having reached an age of more than 86 years, and retaining almost to the last the plenitude of her faculties. Her pure and holy memory may well be cherished by her numerous posterity, as it is venerated by her friends and all who knew her. The portrait we present to our readers was taken when Madame Casgrain was 75 years old.

THE HON. L. H. DAVIES, Q.C., M.P., EX-PREMIER OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.—The Hon. Louis Henry Davies, whose portrait we present to our readers in this issue, is one of the ablest of our provincial statesmen, as well as a prominent member of the Federal Parliament. Mr. Davies belongs to a family that has long exercised influence in Prince Edward Island. His father is the Hon. B. Davies, whose father, the late Nathan Davies, Esq., settled in Prince Edward Island in 1812. Mr. Davies was born in Charlottetown on the 4th of May, 1845, and was educated at the Central Academy and Prince of Wales College

Having studied law, he was called to the Bar of Prince Edward Island in 1866, and in November, 1880, was made Q.C. He was counsel for the tenantry before the Prince Edward Island Land Commission, presided over by the Right Hon. Hugh C. E. Childers, and represented the Island province before the International Fishery Commission of 1875. He was elected to the Legislature of the province in 1872, and in 1872-73 held office as Solicitor-General. He was leader of the Opposition for several years. In September, 1876, he became Premier and Attorney-General, a position which he held until 1879, when his cabinet resigned. In the succeeding general elections he lost the seat which he had occupied for seven years. In the general elections of 1882 he was elected to the House of Commons, and was again returned in 1887. In 1872 Mr. Davies married Susan, fourth daughter of the late Dr. H. V. G. Wiggins.

Mr. J. G. H. BERGERON, B.C.L., Q.C., M.P.—Mr. Joseph Gédéon Horace Bergeron is a son of the late Mr. T. R. Bergeron, notary, of Rigaud, P.Q. His mother is a daughter of Mr. Gédéon Coursol, notary, of St. Andrews, uncle of the late C. J. Coursol, Esq., M.P., for Montreal East. Mr. Bergeron was born on the 13th of October, 1854, and was educated at the Jesuits' College and McGill University, in which latter institution he took the degree of Bachelor of Civil Law. Soon after graduating he was called to the Bar of Quebec in July, 1877. Mr. Bergeron is a member of the firm of Archambault, Bergeron and Mignault. Mr. Bergeron has been connected with the newspaper press, and was for some years one of the directors of *Le Monde*. He was first returned to the House of Commons on the 9th of January, 1879, on the death of the late member for the County of Beauharnois, was re-elected by acclamation in 1882 and again in 1887.

A CANADIAN HUNTER IN THE ROCKIES.—Our readers have here a characteristic hunting scene. The mountain marksman, justly proud of his trophies, is for once standing at ease, instead of climbing or creeping after his prey. Something touching the chase of the Rocky Mountain goat (*Capra Americana*) our readers have already learned from the pencil of Major Peters. The pursuit of the Mountain sheep (*Ovis Montana*), or Bighorn (a name which, as our illustration shows, it well deserves) is not greatly dissimilar. In the evening the hunter ascends the mountain to the summits frequented by the Bighorn and encamps there all night, so as to be ready in the early morning to surprise them as they go down to their usual pasture grounds. It is a sport in which only daring hunters and good marksmen are likely to engage, as the toil is sometimes excessive, and calculated to exhaust all but hardy and trained climbers. The ptarmigan or white grouse, of which a specimen is shown in our engraving, is found far north, and is considered an Arctic bird. In Europe it is plentiful in Norway and Sweden. In Great Britain it is seen in the Grampians and in the Hebrides and Orkneys, and occasionally as far south as Cumberland, or even the mountain districts of Wales. The American variety abounds in the Rocky Mountains of Canada, and is not very uncommon in other parts of the Dominion.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF EPIDEMICS.

Every epidemic carries in its train curious exaggerations of many well-recognized characteristics, and these frequently call for appreciation and for treatment almost as much as the disease in which they originate. Perhaps one of the most striking of these mental perversities is to be found in the idea that the epidemic is to be treated by "common sense," or by nostras which have been largely advertised, or by specifics which are known to the laity mainly through their frequent mention in the daily press. Those suffering under this delusion feel that it is wholly unnecessary to seek skilled assistance, and they boldly dose themselves with remedies of whose power and properties they are absolutely ignorant. In Vienna it has already been found necessary to forbid the sale of antipyrin, except under doctors' prescriptions, as no less than seventeen deaths were attributed to stoppage of the heart's action owing to overdoses. The freedom with which the prescription of this remedy has been assumed by the public has long since been viewed with anxiety by the medical profession, and frequent warnings have already fallen upon deaf ears; and yet it is to be feared that if the epidemic of influenza should spread, many more examples of recklessness will have to be recorded. Mr. Labouchere, claiming to act "by the light of common sense," upon having "a cough, a headache, and an all overish ache," accompanied by sneezing, diagnosed the prevailing epidemic, and at once administered to himself "thirty grains of quinine," and to meet the cough he took "unlimited squill pills." He writes that the one "settled the fever" and the other "settled the cough," and that in four days he was quite well. Upon this last fact he is certainly to be congratulated, though we trust that others may not be impelled, "by the light of common sense," to follow him in such heroic measures, or to emulate his example by trying the effect of antipyrin in similar unlimited doses. It is serious enough to cope with an epidemic and its sequelæ, without having matters complicated by ignorant and reckless experimental therapeutics.—*Lancet*.

St. John (N.B.) people have reason to be grateful to Mr. Skinner, M.P., who has secured from the Minister of Customs free admission of all merchandise, and from the Minister of Militia, the use of the parade ground, for the next exhibition in that progressive city.

THE LIONS' GATEWAY.

Far up in the sky we couchant lie
On guard by the western seas,
Where the cliffs draw back from the narrow track
Of the tide and the ocean breeze.
Stern and grim on the mountain's rim
We crouch in our cloudy lair,
Behind the veil of the snow-mist pale
We are waiting and watching there.

When the foam flies fast as the gale rides past
Outside on the rolling bay,
Our challenge roars on the rocky shores
At the foot of our ramparts grey—
The waves retreat with a sullen beat
For they dare not pass us by,
And the Inlet's breast is a dream of rest
Where the white sails folded lie.

We calmly rise on the amber skies
When the sun and the sea have kissed,
And the glory fills all the circling hills
That glow in a rainbow mist.
When the radiance falls on our granite walls
And the purple peaks unfold,
We fling to the sky from our fortress on high
Cloud banners of crimson and gold.



And far below where the waters flow
The stately ships sail through,
For the fair surprise of a city lies
Where the forest giants grew—
She holds the key of an Empire free
Whose glory has but begun,
The nations meet at Vancouver's feet,
The East and West are one.

We gaze afar to the last faint star,
Ere its light in the dawning dies,
And a vision breaks ere the morn awakes
To our clear and steadfast eyes—
Like the flocking wings that the autumn brings
When the sea-gulls gathering fly,
To their haven of rest on the harbour's breast
Shall the fleets of the world sweep by.

The sap that stirs in our mighty firs,
Fed by the northern dew;
Though chilled by death, in carven wreath
Shall bud and bloom anew.
Barbaric kings when the bulbul sings,
Shall couch 'neath the polished beams,
Whose rugged length once slowly rolled
Down far Canadian streams.



And deep within our forests dim
The Spirit of Beauty dwells,
Where the long moss sways thro' the woodland ways,
O'er the foxglove's fairy bells.
To the dawn she springs on the starry wings
That were folded in darkness long—
The glorious theme of the artist's dream,
The soul of the poet's song!

Through our open gate shall the land await
The Orient's fragrant spoil,
And the golden grain shall flow forth again
To the millions who starve and toil.
Forest and field their wealth shall yield
To men who are strong and brave,
And still on high in Canadian sky
Shall the banner of England wave.

We sentry stand by Heaven's command
At the portal of her sway,
No threatening foe dare pass below
While her Lions guard the way!
Stern and grim on the mountain's rim
We crouch in our cloudy lair,
Behind the veil of the snow-mist pale
We are waiting and watching there.

Vancouver, B.C.

FLEURANGE.



The Hon. Judge Pagnuelo will be absent in Florida for two months.

The Hon. Mr. Justice Church is, we are happy to say, fast recovering from his recent illness.

General Twigge, of Vancouver, B.C., has been visiting Montreal and other points in Eastern Canada.

Mr. Peter McLaren, of Perth, Ont., will, it is said, succeed the late Senator Turner in the Dominion Senate.

Mr. W. R. Brock, of Toronto, is mentioned as the successor in the Senate of the late Hon. John Macdonald.

Mr. and Mrs. Chagnon, of this city, celebrated their golden wedding on the 25th ult. Mr. Chagnon was out in '37.

The Rev. Osborne Troop, of St. Martin's, has carried his congregation with him in his crusade against the pew system.

Bishop Courtney (Nova Scotia) is in New York doing duty for Bishop Potter. Mrs. Courtney and her youngest son have gone to the Southern States on a visit.

We learn with the utmost satisfaction that the Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau is convalescent from his late serious illness. We hope that for many years to come he may delight his friends and readers.

Mr. Kelly, Mayor of Winnipeg, and Ald. Hendrick, of the same flourishing city, have been on a visit to Montreal. Chief Benoit did them the honours of the Fire Brigade, over which he presides.

The "Histoire de Boucherville," a work recently published by Messrs. Cadieux & Derome, of this city, is a valuable contribution to Canadian archaeology. The author is the Rev. Father Lalonde, S.J.

The Rev. Alphonse C. Larivière, son of the Hon. A. A. C. Larivière, has been admitted by Archbishop Fabre to deacon's orders. Abbé Larivière is engaged in pastoral work in the archdiocese of Saint Boniface.

Lieut.-Governor Royal's new council will be composed of Mr. R. G. Brett, Mr. John F. Betts, Mr. Benj. P. Richardson, and Mr. John Secord. These gentlemen represent Red Deer, Prince Albert, Wolseley and South Regina, respectively.

The Rev. Arthur J. Lockhart reviews the writings of Mr. J. M. LeMoine, our veteran *littérateur* and antiquary, of Spencer Grange, Quebec, in the columns of *Progress* (St. John, N.B.) We need hardly say that Pastor Felix does justice to Jonathan Oldbuck.

The following gentlemen took a prominent part in the programme for the reception of Archbishop Fabre at the Seminary on Thursday, the 27th ult.: Messrs. L. McDonald, A. Marcell, H. Galarneau, O. J. Tansey, R. Savault, James Shea, W. Ledoux, J. A. Hébert, A. Giroux, F. Scanlan, O. Martel, jr., and C. Leroux.

The Rev. L. J. Ware, well known as a scholar and lecturer, gave an instructive lecture on the 28th ult. in the Church of the Messiah, the Rev. W. S. Barnes presiding. The subject was Belgium, which the reverend lecturer dealt with largely from an antiquarian and artistic point of view. He gave a graphic description of Rubens's famous picture, in the Gallery at Antwerp, "The Descent from the Cross."

At a dinner given on Thursday evening, the 27th ult., by the Honorable the Speaker and Mrs. Ouimet, the invited guests were:—Sir Adams and Miss Archibald, Hon. Senator and Mrs. Lacoste, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Decelles, Hon. J. A. and Madame Chapleau, Mr. Perley, M.P., and Mrs. Perley, Mr. Walsh, M.P., and Mrs. Walsh, Dr. Ferguson, M.P., and Mrs. Ferguson, Mr. Chouinard, M.P., and Mrs. Chouinard, Mr. Corby M.P., and Mrs. Corby, and Mr. Joncas, M.P.

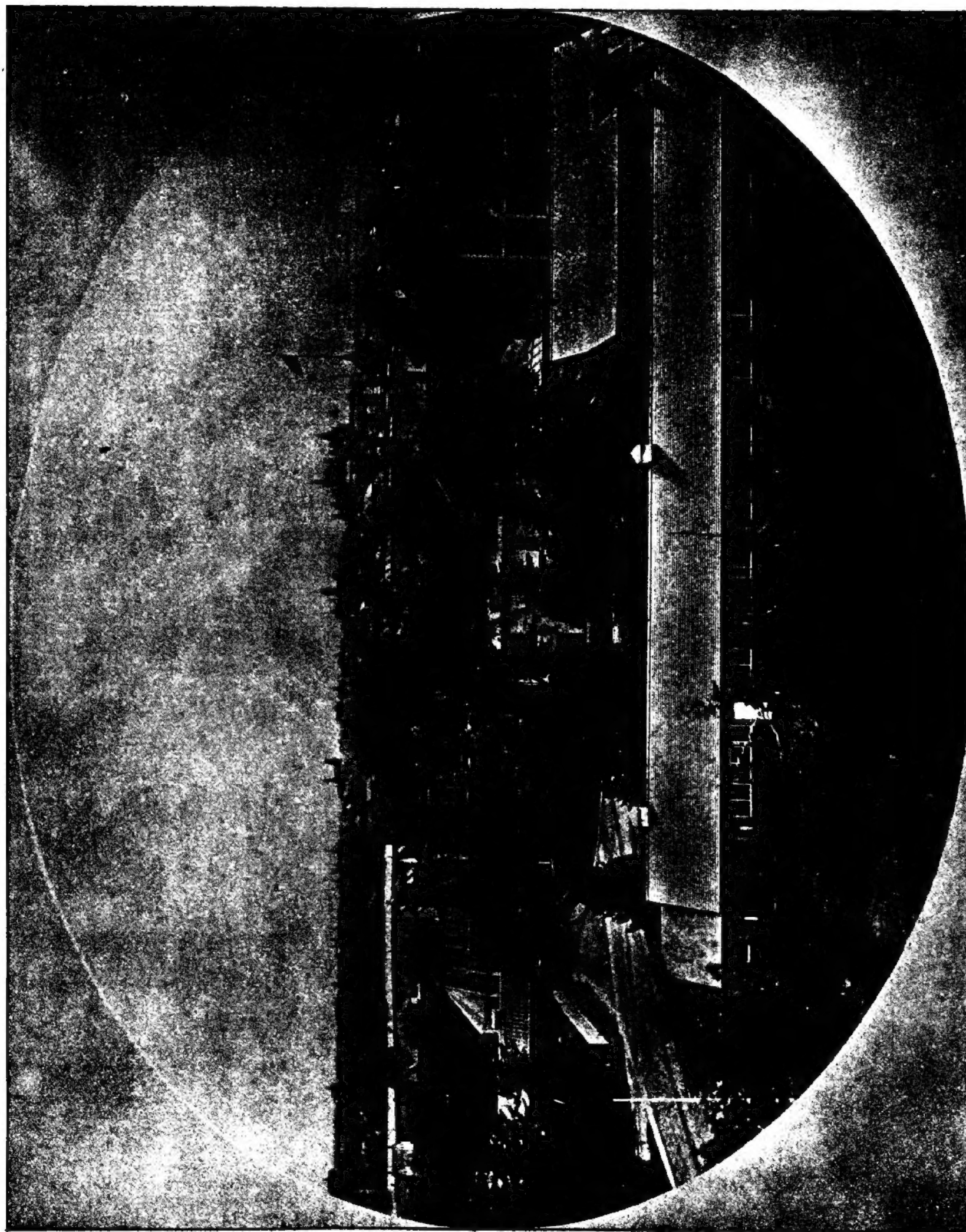
Mr. Bliss Carman has been appointed to an important and responsible position on the editorial staff of the New York *Independent*. The journal is to be congratulated that has the benefit of Mr. Bliss Carman's services. The *Independent*, we need scarcely say, is one of the ablest papers on the continent and of universally acknowledged literary worth. We wish our esteemed contributor success and happiness in his new sphere of labour. To attain that end he has only to be true to himself. There is no more richly endowed nature on either side of the bounding line.

In an article in *La Minerve* of Monday last on the literary character and moral tendency of Victor Hugo's writings, the following lines to a crucifix are cited as an instance of the sentiments which actuated Hugo in his better hours—hours which, in the critic's opinion, became rarer and rarer as his career drew to a close:

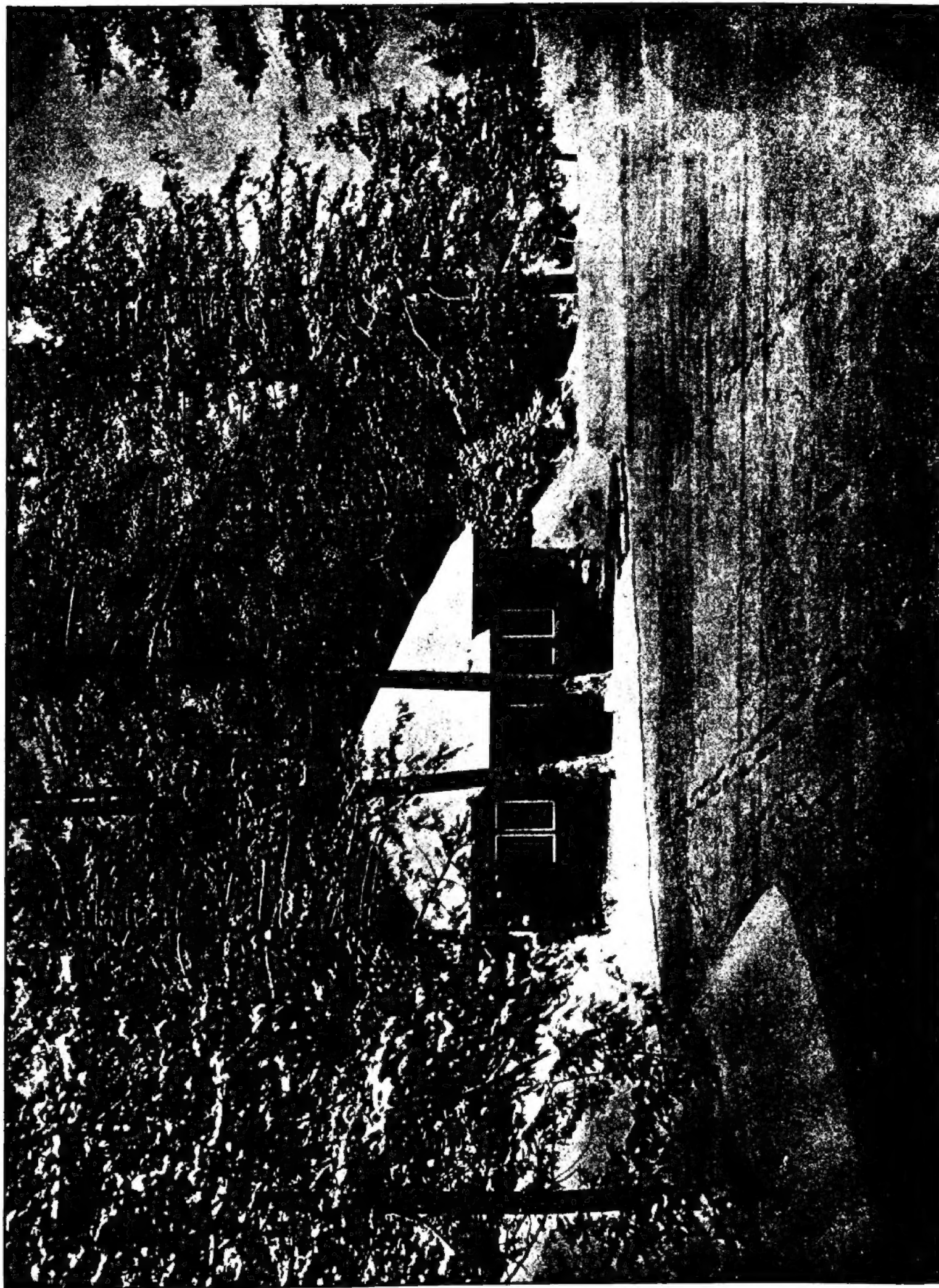
Vous qui pleurez, venez à ce Dieu, car il pleure.
Vous qui souffrez, venez à Lui, car il guérit.
Vous qui tremblez, venez à Lui, car il sourit.
Vous qui passez, venez à Lui, car il demeure.

Some time ago Mr. George Murray sent us the following translation of these lines, which both our French and English readers will, we are sure, be glad to see:

WRITTEN BENEATH A CRUCIFIX
Come to this God, ye mourners! for He weeps:
Come, ye who suffer! He will heal your pain.
Ye tremblers, come! His pity never sleeps:
Come, all who pass! Christ waits, and will remain.



RIDEAU HALL, THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S RESIDENCE, OTTAWA.—SUMMER VIEW LOOKING WEST, TOWARDS CITY.
(Topley, photo.)



SKATING RINK AND LOG HUT IN RIDEAU HALL GROUNDS.
(Topley, photo.)

MY GLACIAL HERO.

BY SARA ELEANOR NICHOLSON.

MONTREAL, Wednesday, January 23, 1889.

Here we are, Auntie and I, comfortably ensconced at the Windsor Hotel, awaiting the carnival which commences next Monday. It was so fortunate Aunt Nellie prevailed on papa to let her carry me off from the trouble and worries of our large household and limited means, where I, as papa's eldest daughter, have to bear patiently his tantrums, which he doesn't mean, and his sharp speeches, at which, of course, he never expects anyone to take offence; then it is also my duty to patch and mend for the little brothers and sisters, and make two dollars do the duty of five. Oh, dear, those household accounts, what a sad bother they are! But never mind for the present, that is all over, and I am in Montreal, free to enjoy myself to my heart's content. It really is wonderful, though, how I got here. Aunt Nellie, my dear dead mother's only sister, arrived unexpectedly from England last week, and thinking me thin and overworked, by dint of coaxing papa and warning him that if I hadn't a holiday a decline would be my fate, she obtained his consent to my accompanying her to the carnival.

The dressing bell is just ringing, and if I expect to be in time for dinner I must stop writing and don my brave apparel.

Evening.

Now that I have put on my dressing gown and brushed my hair, I think it would be a good plan to sit by the fire awhile and write this evening's experience.

At dinner time Aunt Nellie came to see if I was ready to go down stairs, and when she entered the room my admiration was so great that I insisted on turning her round and round so as to get a good view of her pretty pale grey and pink gown, which fitted to perfection and suited her delicate colouring. It seems so strange to think she has been a widow ten years and is only thirty-two now. She was a great deal younger than mother, and her marriage was one of compulsion, as grandfather, who had lost all his money a short time before, and was partially paralyzed, had insisted on Aunt Nellie taking Mr. Armistage, who was very rich, middle-aged and commonplace.

Well, to resume the thread of my discourse, Auntie and I wended our way through the long corridors of the hotel to the dining-room, where we had great difficulty in obtaining seats, the crowd being so great on account of the approaching carnival. Well, at last we managed to get a table with an old lady of severe aspect, who stared at us in a most uncompromising manner, and finally broke the silence by demanding, in sepulchral tones:

"Are you two females travelling absolutely without a male escort, and did you enter this dining room alone?"

Auntie sighed and admitted that we were unattended, but that it was not our fault, and that a ravenous appetite had driven us from our lair to seek some necessary nourishment.

"Hum," said the old lady, snapping her iron jaw like a rat-trap. "Very wrong, very wrong, indeed; for myself I never attempt to travel without Peter; he's my husband, and I always allow him to accompany me."

Whether she always allowed the unhappy Peter to pay the bills as well we did not enquire, but turned all our attention on our dinner, which the waiter had just brought.

Heigh-ho! I'm so sleepy. If I don't look out I'll fall asleep and drop off my chair into the fire.

Saturday.

After breakfast Aunt Nellie and I went for a sleigh drive. Near St. James street we saw the snowshoers' arch in course of erection, and a large lion made of ice crouching near. Auntie and I thought between ourselves that His Majesty the King of Beasts looked more like a sheep than the Monarch of the Forest.

From St. James street we went to a fashionable modiste, where Auntie left orders for two lovely ball gowns, a dinner dress and visiting costume to be made for me, and then to crown all she took me to a furrier and presented me with such a beauty of a sealskin coat. I shan't know myself in all this finery, and expect to stand staring, like the little maid "that I've heard tell," and declare "This is none of me." Well, "fine feathers make fine birds."

Evening.

Our eccentric old lady did not sit at the table with us to-night. Probably she and "Peter" had a tête-à-tête meal—that is, provided she allowed him to share her festal board. Instead, we were shown to a table at which two men sat, who, from the cut of their clothes, I at once set down as English. One of them, a fine, soldierly looking man of forty, whose face belonged to that class of beauty described as "icily regular, splendidly null," quite took my fancy. The other, whom the older man called "Jack," was a good-looking young fellow about twenty-two years of age, with a dark complexion and brilliant hazel eyes, of which he seemed to make good use; for once, on looking up, I caught him scanning Aunt Nellie and me in a most critical manner. The old man, however, did not take the slightest notice, but coolly finished his soup before raising his eyes to see who was his vis-à-vis, but when he did so he gave such a violent start that Aunt Nellie instinctively raised her eyes also, and then half bowed. No word passed between them, however, and after dinner Auntie, instead of promenading the corridors with me, complained of a violent headache and went to her room. I have a

great mind to go and see if she is asleep, so for the present will write no more.

Tuesday.

I have not been able to look on your fair white face, dear Diary, since Saturday, we have been on such a rush. On Sunday morning Aunt Nellie's head ached too badly for her to get up, so that I was obliged to go down to breakfast alone. The dark young man was the only occupant of the table, and as I sat down opposite him I saw him peep over the top of his newspaper, and on being caught, duck his head and diligently continue reading. Just about this time a funny incident occurred which makes me laugh to think of. A waiter who had not served us before came over to me, and seeing how literally wrapt in his paper master "Jack" was, approached me and asked what I would like to order, and on being told disappeared for a quarter of an hour, after which time he returned, tray in hand, and placed it before me. Judge of my astonishment when I saw he had duplicated my order. After setting two cups, a teapot, sugar bowl and cream pitcher before me, he requested me in strong Milesian accents to "Poor a cup o' tay out for the gentleman!"

"Perhaps he doesn't care for tea," I said in an undertone to the waiter, who quickly replied:

"Sure, m'am, if you pour it out for him he couldn't help drinking it, if it was cowld poison itself. Then in a lower tone, "Long life to you, m'am; I knew you for a bride the minute I clapt eyes on ye!"

At this moment the newspaper opposite me began to crackle and wobble in such an extraordinary manner that I knew the gentleman inside must be quite as convulsed with laughter as the sharer of his table. How Auntie laughed when I told her the story. She says the older man, whom I call "My Glacial Hero," is Major Savile, and that she used to know him long ago, but that they had a difference of opinion on some matter, and had not met for a great many years until last night. The younger man, she thinks, must be Jack Scarlett, whom she used to know in his pinafore days. After breakfast I went to church, and on the way back to the hotel I saw before me the Colonel's stiff military figure. As I ran up the steps he held the hotel door open for me, and raised his hat as I passed. A flicker of a smile lit up his countenance, and I knew from that that Jack had told him of the episode of the breakfast table.

On Monday we went to see the entrance of the Governor-General into the city and the manning of the snowshoers' arch. The bitter cold rather took away from the enjoyment of the morning, and the jostling by the crowd was quite a trial to one's temper. Sitting by the warm fireside, I am quite glad I went, but at the time Aunt Nellie and I were quite savage at the idea of wilfully freezing ourselves. That evening we went to the Ice Palace, where the Governor-General declared the Carnival open.

What a wonderful structure the Ice Palace is, reminding one of Cowper's description of the one built for the Empress Catherine of Russia:

No forest fell
When thou wouldst build; but thou didst hew the floods
And make thy marble of the glassy wave
Silently as a dream the fabric rose,
No sound of hammer nor of saw was there.
Ice upon ice, the well adjusted parts
Were soon conjoined; nor other cement asked
Than water interused to make them one.
Lamps gracefully disposed and of all hues
Illumined every side; a watery light
Gleaned through the clear transparency that seemed
Another moon new risen or meteor fall'n
From heaven to earth of lambent flame serene.

I went this morning to the rink and practised skating for some time. While there I met Mr. Cameron, an old friend of ours, from Halifax, who is in Montreal for the carnival, and we had great fun waltzing together on the ice. Just in the middle of a pirouette I caught a glimpse of that Jack staring at me. In confusion I stumbled, and would have had a nasty tumble but for Mr. Cameron, who caught me. I wish to goodness that Jack's eyes wouldn't laugh that way.

Auntie and "My Glacial Hero" must have had a big row while they were about it; for I never saw two people more determined to keep out of each other's sight, and just because they try not to meet they invariably come face to face in all sorts of unexpected places. I wonder whose fault the quarrel was and what it was all about.

My visiting dress was sent home to-day at luncheon time, and I wore it at an "At Home" this afternoon with my sealskin coat and new black velvet hat. Auntie said I looked nice'y, and that she was much pleased with my appearance.

The "At Home" was given by Mrs. Montmorency, and the rooms were simply crowded. Auntie and I were standing near the door talking to our hostess, when she suddenly turned round to a man who had just entered and said: "Major Savile, I want to introduce you to a countrywoman of your own, Mrs. Armytage; probably she would like some tea, which you can get in the other room." Then turning to that Jack, who had followed Major Savile into the room, she introduced him to me as Sir John Scarlett. The idea of that Jack being a "Sir," I can't get over it. Despite the grandeur of his title, though, he is just too nice for anything—quite the nicest man I've ever met. He wants me to teach him to waltz on his skates to-morrow morning, as he says he became quite enamoured of the exercise while watching it to-day.

Major Savile and Aunt Nellie ignored their introduction and would have nothing to say to each other. Certainly it was awkward for these poor things; but it must have been a very, very serious quarrel which would make

Auntie, who is generally so gentle and loving, so determined to ignore his presence. I am perfectly certain it was all the "icily regular, splendidly null" man's fault.

Friday.

We are to have a great ball in the hotel this evening, to which Aunt Nellie and I are going. Auntie's dress is to be black velvet, and mine white tulle trimmed with sprays of elder flowers and white heather.

Last night we went to the theatre with a party of Americans to see a play called "Paul Kaurar," the scene of which is laid during the Reign of Terror in France, and was so well acted that we all returned to the hotel in a very creepy-crawley, nervous condition.

Oh! I forgot to say that Jack and I had a most delightful morning at the rink, and that he skates remarkably well, but knows nothing whatever about waltzing.

He must be an awful tease, judging from a trick he told me he and a friend played on his sister, who is strikingly like him in appearance. It happened when he was eighteen, so that may serve as an excuse. She was very wild about horses, and one day, knowing that she was expected on the hunting field, he managed to steal her riding habit, and by dint of much squeezing got himself into it, and when dressed, calling a dust of powder and a touch of rouge to his aid, he looked a most fascinating girl. Whip in hand, he descended the staircase, and at the hall door met his companion, who hurried him down the avenue to where he had hidden two horses, which the wretches mounted in hot haste for fear of discovery. As they rode along, both puffing away at cigarettes, and looking altogether a wee bit rapid, they met several members of the Hunt, who seemed a little bewildered at the young lady's behaviour. But, very fortunately for the poor sister, her mother finding what great distress she was in about the loss of the habit, lent one of hers, so that she was able to accompany her father to the meet. Just before they came up with the hounds they fortunately encountered the two scapegraces, who were sent home in disgrace. It seems so funny to think his sister is engaged now to the very man who helped to play the trick on her.

Saturday.

I am so tired after the ball that I have not made the slightest effort to get up out of bed, although it is now past eleven o'clock. What a ball that was, to be sure! Shall I ever forget it? No, never. The music was just too lovely, and one couldn't help dancing every time the band played. I know it was dreadful, but I gave that Jack seven dances, and Auntie is not at all pleased, and when I told her I wouldn't do it again she said that probably I'd never get the chance. Somehow or other, though, dear Diary, I think I shall; for last night he asked me, when I said my home was in Halifax, whether I would be glad to see him if he came there, and when I answered in the affirmative he told me that in March he intends spending a few weeks, before leaving for England, with Captain Brown, who is stationed in Halifax. Won't it be fun! We had such a long talk about England, and about his home. He told me his mother died two years ago, and his father, of whom he was passionately fond, about a year since, so that he is now head of the house. His only sister is to be married next May, and is at present in London visiting her future mother-in-law and deep in the delights of trousseau shopping.

"My Glacial Hero" did not put in an appearance last night, and when I asked Sir John—I suppose I must give him the benefit of his title—where he was, he answered that the Major did not care for balls and gaiety of that kind, and then added:

"Don't imagine, though, from my speech, that he is an awful muff, for he is out-and-out the finest fellow it has ever been my lot to fall in with. But the fact of the matter is an unfortunate love affair has darkened his whole life."

I wonder what can be the matter with poor dear Aunt Nellie. Last night I tore my dress and ran to Auntie's room to get a needle and thread, thinking she was down stairs. Just as I opened the door I caught a glimpse of her kneeling by the window, her head bowed on her hands, crying as though her heart would break. Of course I quietly shut the door and went to my own room, where I accomplished my mending without Aunt Nellie ever knowing I had seen her.

(To be continued.)

THE STAGE.

At the Academy of Music, Montreal, The McDowells have been scoring a triumph. They were greeted last week with full houses every evening. Mr. and Mrs. McDowell (Fanny Reeves) are old-time favourites here, and have lost none of their charm and attractiveness. On Friday night, in "Our Regiment," they appeared to particular advantage. Their support is good—Miss Arthur being especially vivacious and winning. This young lady plays the part of Vera, the heroine, in "Moths," in which she displays great histrionic ability. This week the same company are occupying the Academy boards. They gave Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday respectively, and Thursday "The Two Orphans." "Pygmalion and Galatea" is on the bills for Friday. The performance of Mr. and Mrs. McDowell and Miss Arthur in this beautiful play is very highly spoken of by those who witnessed it in Ottawa, and we bespeak for them a full house on this occasion. Saturday the ever popular "Shaughraun" will be given, in which Mr. McDowell has made himself famous.

THE BRITANNIC EMPIRE.

DEVELOPMENT AND DESTINY OF ITS VARIOUS STATES—IMPERIAL EXPANSION.

I.

The history of the nineteenth century will be memorable in the annals of the world for many great events. The rise and fall of dynasties and nations; the struggles of ambitious states; the growth of military power upon the European continent; the peaceful development of science and the extension of knowledge, all form vivid landmarks in the record of the century; but the one event, that in importance and far-reaching consequences overshadows all others, is undoubtedly the territorial extension and political development of the Empire of Britain.

The close of the eighteenth century saw Great Britain involved in a desperate struggle with the brilliant genius and immense military power of Napoleon; smarting under the loss of the principal part of her Colonial Empire, and making ceaseless efforts to retrieve her failures, and rebuild her colonial edifice by the victories of her fleet and armies. Australia was newly explored and entirely unsettled; French Canada only was in the possession of Britain and was but sparsely populated; the conquest of India was progressing, but by slow degrees, and the Cape of Good Hope had but recently been taken from the Dutch. But with the close of the Napoleonic wars and the growth of England's naval supremacy commenced a new era—a period of emigration and colonial growth. In 1815 scarcely two thousand persons emigrated from the United Kingdom. But, in 1819, the number of emigrants had increased to thirty-five thousand, and in 1882 it exceeded four hundred thousand. This was the period of the development of population in the West and the growth of British power in the East. The stream of emigration from the Mother Country was continuous, and though many settlers went to the United States, enough made their homes in the colonies of Canada, Australasia and South Africa, to bring us in the middle of the century to the second stage of Imperial expansion—the political period. Between 1850 and 1860 the Australasian colonies and the Cape had reached the age of colonial maturity, and demanded and received from the Home Government the right to govern themselves in all domestic and internal concerns. Constitutions were granted these dependencies, and in 1867 the Dominion of Canada was formed and the same privileges conferred upon it. With the end of the century the self-governing colonies would seem to be entering upon a third stage of political growth. It remains to be seen whether the result will be separation from the Empire or consolidation of the existing union, and what the causes and apparent effects are of the present trend of public opinion in the Mother Country and the colonies. Such is a very slight sketch of the gradual growth of British power during the present century, and it will now be my privilege to glance at the present proud position of the great Imperial realm of England, to see what has been the material expansion of that commercial and political entity called the British Empire. Three hundred years ago it comprised an area of 40,000 square miles, and—out of the British Isles—a population of savages. It culminates to-day in an area of 9,000,000 of square miles and a population of 315,000,000, comprising one-seventh of the land surface of the globe, one-sixth of its inhabitants, and possessing the sovereignty of the seas. Greater in extent and population, in resources and wealth, than any power of the present day, the great empires of other ages pale into almost insignificance before the superior power and greater material strength of the British Empire. With the fisheries, timber lands and wheat fields of Canada; the pasture grounds, gold fields and diamond mines of Australia and Cape Colony; the undeveloped wealth and agricultural resources of India—the gem of the Orient; the tropic wealth of Ceylon and the West Indies; the beautiful isles of New Zealand; with the mighty fortresses of Gibraltar and Malta; the string of fortifications girdling the world for the

protection of British commerce and the extension of British trade; with the hives of English and Scotch industry, the fertile soil of the Emerald Isle, and the commercial metropolis of the world as our Imperial capital. We may well feel proud of the dominions that our fathers have reared in every part of the globe, and realize that it is indeed a proud privilege to be a British subject as well as a Canadian citizen. Well may Mr. Gladstone say with the eloquence so natural to him: "We of this generation and nation occupy the Gibraltar of the ages, which commands the world's future;" and of the truth of these words as applied to the whole empire, there can be no doubt if its various members remain united.

In material wealth and commercial expansion, the British Empire as a whole exceeds that of any other nation or union of states upon the surface of the globe. Sir Richard Temple, in a paper read before the British Association in 1884, puts the total wealth of the Empire at the truly grand figures of £12,640,000,000 sterling, or \$63,200,000,000—an estimate which includes land, cattle, railways and public works, houses and furniture, merchandise, bullion and shipping.

A comparison of the population, trade and revenue of the Empire at the Queen's ascension in 1837 and at the present time will prove the wonderful expansion that has been taking place in a more vivid manner than it could otherwise be conveyed. The statistics as compiled from the best authorities are given for convenience in round numbers and in our own currency.

In 1837 the population of the Empire is estimated to have been 126,000,000; in 1887, 315,000,000. Total trade, 1837, \$1,045,000,000; 1887, \$5,395,000,000; and the total revenue of the United Kingdom, the Colonies and Dependencies, which, in 1837, was \$389,000,000, had increased in 1887 to \$1,037,000,000, while the inter-imperial commerce or trade between the different sections of the Empire has yearly increased, until now it amounts to the enormous sum of \$1,450,000,000, and seems to be capable of almost indefinite expansion.

The merchant navy of the British Empire numbers 30,000 ships, manned by 270,000 seamen, with a tonnage of 8,112,000,000 as compared with 12,000,000 for all the rest of the world. It has nearly half of the steam tonnage, of the carrying power, and of the freight earnings of all the nations together. The ratio of sea-borne commerce per inhabitant, yearly, is—\$100 in the United Kingdom, \$155 in Australia, and \$45 in Canada, as compared with the United States, which comes next with a ratio of \$30.

The men trained to arms in the Empire, including the regular British troops at home and abroad, the militia and volunteers in the Mother Country and the colonies, and the native troops in India and elsewhere, are estimated at 850,000 men. The number in comparison with those of European powers seems very small, but taken in connection with a navy supposed to be kept strong enough to command the seas, is probably sufficient for defensive purposes.

This is surely a great record of progress and increase of power to have been achieved by a handful of colonists and the people of those little islands in the northern seas in the course of two or three generations, and naturally creates a desire to know what the prospects are of this vast Imperial power holding together in the future, and suggests an enquiry as to the aspirations which are at work among the growing nations that comprise its principal portions, with a wish in the heart of every loyal British subject that some means may be found of combining these various states upon a basis of political equality, commercial unity and military power, which may be as enduring as the expansion of the Empire has been great.

We have in this Britannic Empire the extraordinary spectacle of democratic government in the West and despotic administration in the East, of a nation which is at once the head of the greatest Christian and civilizing power of the West, and the ruler of the most populous Musselman power of the East. Within its confines are to be found the extremest limits of Christian toleration and

Musselman bigotry, of political freedom to the verge of national independence and centralization verging upon despotism. In Australia and Canada are populations rapidly assuming the rank of nations, with all the impetuous desires and hasty ambitions natural to young and growing communities, while in India and South Africa are small numbers of Englishmen in the midst of millions of natives, utterly unable to hold their own for one moment without the power of the Empire behind them, and still another string of minor possessions and dependencies in every part of the world looking to the Mother Country for protection and development. The question of the day is, how these apparently conflicting interests are to be harmoniously united? And it is for the purpose of showing that there are many elements within the confines of the British Empire tending to unity and not disintegration, and that these elements are sufficiently stormy to make it a matter both of choice and necessity for us to consolidate that union and harmonize those interests that this series of articles will be written. It is intended to draw attention to each of the principal countries of the Empire, show the policy which appears to guide them, and the unity of interests which should really control them, and to attempt to point out that it is in the best interests of Canada to remain a portion of the British Empire and take an increasingly active part in its affairs, rather than accept an isolated and feeble independence, or a policy of ignoble subjection to the United States.

Toronto.

J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

"A VOICE IN THE NIGHT."

Out of the past a pained spirit rises,
With pale, pure face, with sad, reproachful eyes
And questions me; my mirth no more disguises
My heavy heart, my midnight miseries;
Those true eyes sift my soul and make me know
How much was mine before I let it go.

"I plead its pity, beg that it will haste,
And leave me in my loneliness; the hour
Is mixed with madness, the wide world a waste,
The painful past still holds me in its power
Ah! this is madness! leave me in my pain,
No hope, no peace, may light my life again.

"I may not leave thee—thrust me not aside,"
The spirit murmurs, but I turn away;
Why thus torment me, by thy glance deride?
But here the sad-voiced spirit answers: "Nay!
Knowest thou not 'tis God who holds the past—
That pain accepted giveth peace at last."

Montreal.

MAY AUSTIN.

DR. S. E. DAWSON.

La Minerve cordially congratulates Mr. S. E. Dawson on the honour conferred on him by Laval University. It is, indeed, a somewhat noteworthy coincidence that, while some English-speaking Canadians have been waging war on the mother-tongue of their French-Canadian fellow citizens, the highest representative of the French language and its manifold culture should have chosen an English *littérateur* for special distinction. The act is worthy of Laval, and the new Docteur ès Lettres will assuredly do that great institution no discredit. In learning that is by no means common—in constitutional knowledge, in the higher provinces of literary criticism, in thorough mastery of the principles of finance and commerce—he has no superior in Canada. He has the advantage, moreover, of a style that is at once lucid, vigorous and graceful, and can touch the keys both of pathos and humour. For many years Dr. Dawson has been a contributor to the press, daily and periodical. An article of his on "Old Colonial Currencies" was reproduced in the *Banker's Magazine*. His lecture on Copyright before the Law Faculty of Bishop's College, was most favourably reviewed by writers of authority. His study of "The Princess" had a special and laudatory review in *Macmillan* from the pen of one of the first critics of the day, and evoked a grateful letter from Lord Tennyson, which appears in the second edition. The Guide Book of the Dominion, which Dr. Dawson prepared in view of the meeting of the British Association, is just a model of what such a work should be. Dr. Dawson always writes from a richly stored and well ordered mind. He has the fine faculty of seeing both sides of a question and likes rather to dispense justice than to plead a case. We would greatly like to see some of his more elaborate essays and articles collected into a volume. Meanwhile we join our esteemed confrère, *La Minerve*, in heartily congratulating Dr. Dawson on an honour of which only few are deemed worthy.



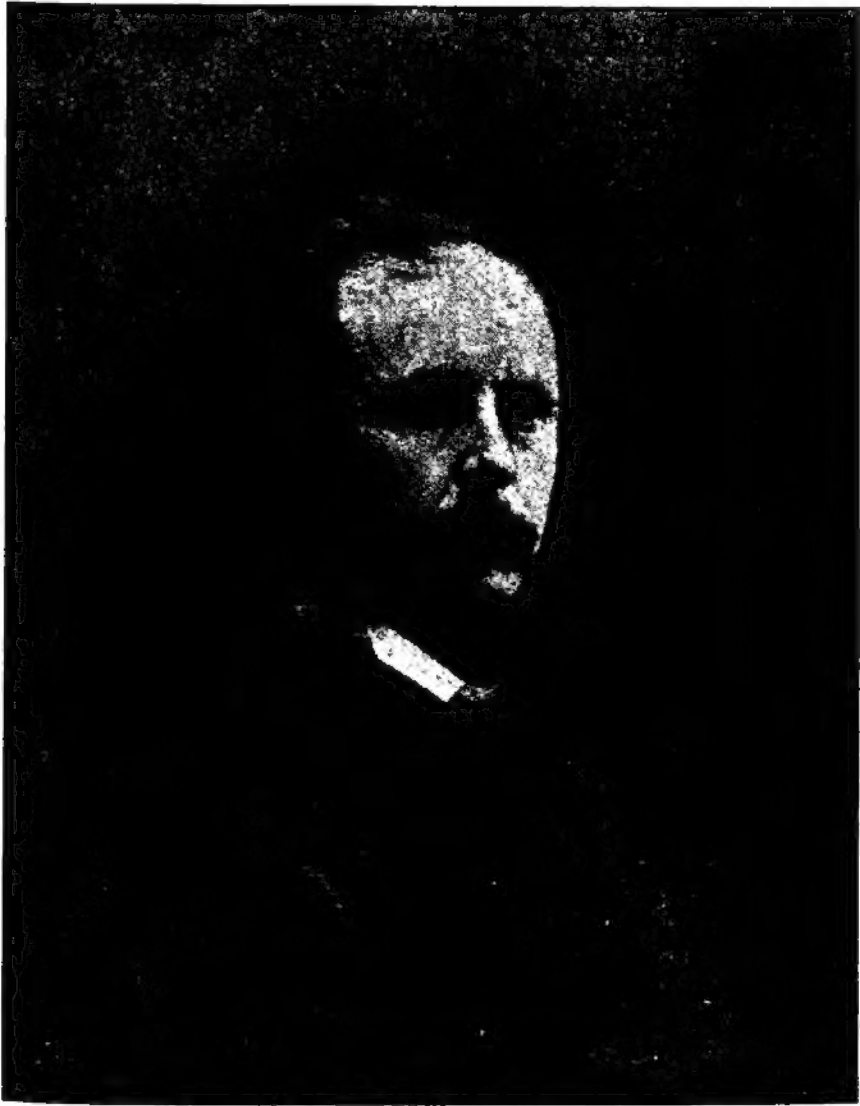
THE HON. WM. MILLER, Senator.
(Topley, photo.)



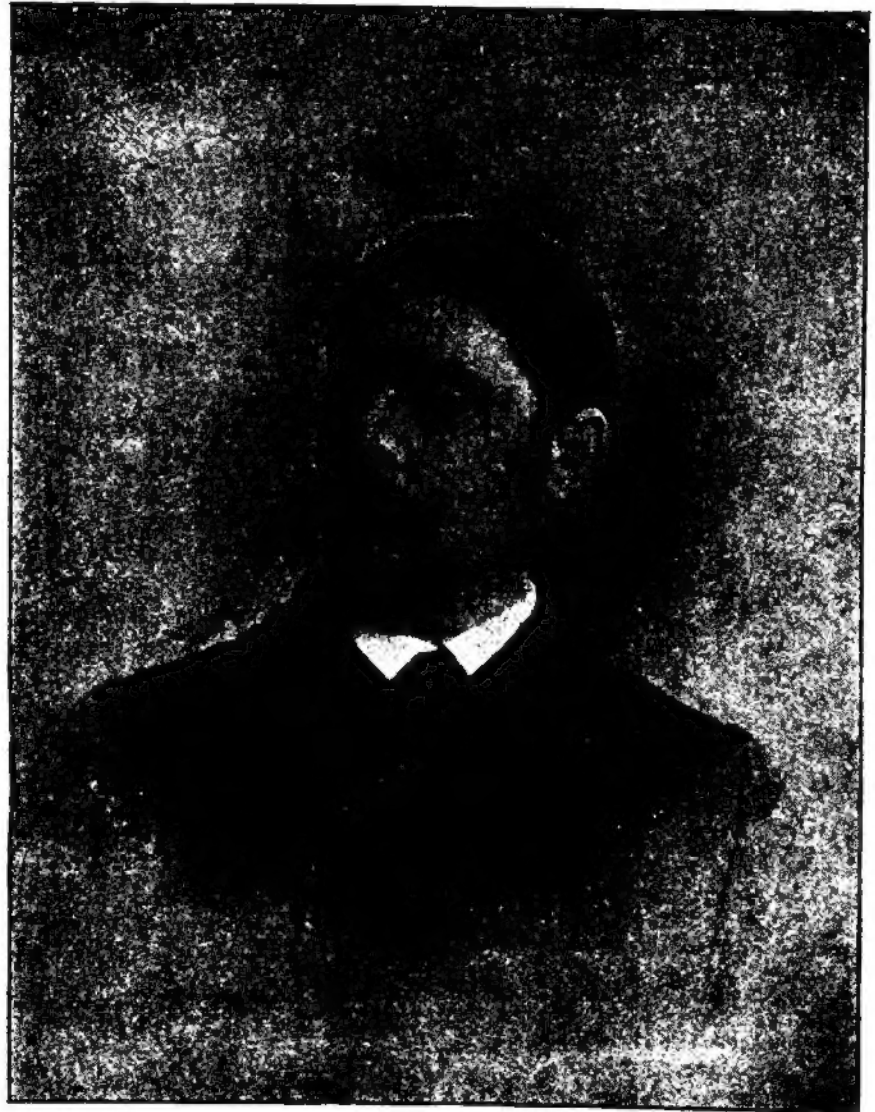
THE LATE MADAME CHARLES E. CASGRAIN.
(Livernois, photo.)



CAMP IN THE WOODS, AT THE LOWER CROSSING OF THE SNAKE RIVER, MANITOBA.
(J. B. Tyrrell, photo., Geological Survey.)



L. H. DAVIES, M.P.
(Topley, photo.)



J. G. H. BERGERON, M.P.
(Topley, photo.)



VALLEY RIVER, MANITOBA, 24 MILES FROM ITS MOUTH.
(J. B. Tyrrell, photo., Geological Survey.)

THE MOIRA ENCANTADA.

[A belief of Spain. The wells of lonely Moorish ruins are haunted by the figure of a beautiful female, the Moira Encantada, or enchanted Moirress. Acquaintance with her brings misfortune and death.]

The Spanish night was breathless, still,
And in the shadow of the mill
No olive bent nor willow shook
Along the sullen meadow brook,
Nor any murmur met the ear
Save the rill tumbling o'er the weir,
When José his lorn loveplains made
And softly sang this

SERENADE.

There lacks not music. Everywhere
The resting hills, the balmy air,
The ather blue, the stars, the moon,
In tune
Make silent melody, and sing
In chord with my love-zittern string.
Maraquita!

She answers not; her closed eyes
Make dark as when the daylight dies,
Why should her young life sleep so soon?
O boon

O'er her soft dreams love-watch to keep,—
Rest dear tired eyes in sweetest sleep,
Maraquita!

Be still, guitar. Caressing string
To her ear not to-night shall ring,
Enough for now the mill weir's croun.
Ere noon

Of night I shall be over streams,—
Good angels give thee loving dreams,
Maraquita!

A small hand drew the bars apart
And from the lattice shy was flung
A white rose with a crimson heart,
While red lips lisped in love's fond tongue
"Querido mi, I love thee?"
And answered low the voice that sung,
"Love's blessing be above thee!"

Young Jo-é took the homeward track
The while his heart with love-flame burned,
Ever and anon looking back,
Until he had an angle turned
That hid the water-dripping mill
With its low olive-circled grange,
Then set he stout to breast the hill
And make way to the higher range.

The higher up the more did change
The scene from meadows, lying lush,
To Moorland with its shades of browns,
Through which at intervals came rush
Of brook and runnel brawling down;
Yet higher, where lay mossy hags
Dotted with huge grey lichen stones
Down tumbled from the beetling crags
That stood out like an old world's bones,
Until he reached the trodden line
That ran along the ridge's spine.

As he strode up the road's incline
He heard in gusts come rough but clear
The home

SONG OF THE MULETEER.

Letch I trusty mulos! plod along the way,
Gee on I brindles! for mountain leagues are long,
Fair have ye footed, all the weary day,
Chime bells, mulos! and I will join my song,
For Paquita the goodwife
Sits up in the hut,
Little one's all in their cribs
With their tired eyes shut.

Not far, horricos! scarcely now a league,
Miles near the stable hardest are to draw,
Soon shall we cast our load and our fatigue
And you and I shall have our crisp rye straw,—
And Paquita the goodwife
Will bustle in the hut,
Little ones all in their cribs
And their dear eyes shut.

As o'er the selfsame landscape scene
The season's changing features pass
From springtime with its springing green
To summer with its wealth of grass,
And thence through autumn's ripened hues
Of nutty browns, till o'er the world
And vale and hill and running flues
Comes winter with its crystallised cold,
Yet still the visage is unchanged
Though over it have changes reigned;

So o'er this sunny land of Spain,
This languorous home of pride and sloth,
Are left faint traces of each reign
From the Iberi to the Goth,
And from the Goth, through divers creeds
And grades of glory, force and law,
Shining, ignoble, noble deeds
Did Christian and did Moslemah;
Hence faded faiths and present hopes
Are traced on these same mountain slopes.

It may be that in times of old
When Yousuf in Cordova reigned,
The gallant gay Morescoes bled
Their prancing Arab steeds restrained
Beneath wide spreading cork-oak aisles,
And bent their feathered turbans low
As through the forest's dim defiles
They lowered lance to 'scape some bough
That rained on them a rain of seeds,
As to the muster spurred they in
When war drum summoned men and steeds
With its long thunderous rolling din;
Or to the tournament of reeds
Rode gaily when the war was o'er;
Or went to beard the good wild boar.

But now no wealth of stalwart trees
Clothes with a shade the brown hillside,
Nor does the Andalusian breeze
From out the westward sweeping wide
Strike a low-sounding harp of leaves,
To ring a woodland melody
High up among the leafy eaves,
To chime with lay of chivalry
Sung of Zegri, or carolled clear
How at the bullfight Don Gazul,
The alcaide, with dart and spear
Won Narifa the beautiful,—
Gone are the woods that heard and saw
This on the march of Cordova.

There stood now but a Moorish hold,
Built of a ruddy, tinted stone,
In ruin, yet still haught and bold,
Though o'er its face the bronze had grown
And look of long old age; its line
Of outer wall (which best endures
The gnaw of time and tooth and tyne,)
Was eaten into embrasures,
Through which was seen a horseshoe arch
Reared high, as it would bid and dare
Defiance to the ages' march.
At angle of the courtyard square
Was set a carved fountain shell
From out which came the water's play
And in a spray of stars down fell,
And falling, chimed a tinkling tune
Within a tiny lake that lay
As mirror to the demi-moon.

Here José stopped in startled awe,
For, leaning on the carved rim
Of the low balustrade, he saw,
Half hidden in the shadows dim,
A female form in Moorish guise
With pale brown face that looked at him
From out a pair of lustrous eyes
Lambent and large with languorous light,
Yet with exceeding earnestness,
As if they something would express
And speak to him if speak they might.

He knew the MOIRA, of the tale
That grandams in awed accents tell,
Who lures men by their strong desires
And draws them to the enchanted well
And offers treasure trove, but still
Her gifts oft turn to bale and ill;
Yet as he saw her keeping wise
Beside the fount she leaned above,
Flushed through his heart, hysteric-wise,
One fierce warm rush of sudden love.

Love is a torrent,—rising swift
And foaming up tumultuously,
Bearing resolve like thistle down
And sweeping caution to the sea;
Love is a fire,—a flaming wing
That scurries in its mad career,
And scorches up all living thing
And leaves the subheart parched and sere;
Thus José, by his mad weird pressed,
His incoherent love expressed:

"Beautiful being! if thou art
A spirit or a thing of form,
Thy loveliness wakes in the heart
Of him who sees thee, gust and storm
Of wild impassioned love. Be thou
My leman, Moira! 'Neath thy feet,
Even on the spot thou standest now,
Lie mines of buried Moorish gold,
Give me the treasures, I entreat,
That were hid in the days of old,
And if thou seek'st to draw to thee
A mortal lover, I am he!"

There came distinctly to his ear,
As vibrant as a lute well strung,
Responding words, low-pitched and clear
In the soft lingua franca tongue:
"At the third quarter of the moon
Return and ask, and have thy boon."

The crescent moon grew full and round
And made a daylight of the night,
Throwing in hollows of the ground
Long inky shadows on the white,
And then she waned for evenings seven,
Each night more thin and wan, and reigned

A lessening planet in the heaven,—
But all this time for good or ill,
No love note sounded near the mill.

After a fervent day of sun
The air cooled with the twilight's rise,
And vapours rose when day was done
Up from the hot earth furtively
And with thin veil the landscape hid,—
In such a night might fancy call
Up filing ghosts as sorceress did
In Endor old the ghost of Saul.

No lights shone through the evening damp
Save from the hill a tiny billow
Of smoky ray shed from the lamp
Of Padre, Cura, Fray Pedrillo,
A rotund rosy man was he
And of peculiar sanctity.

The fray a romancero read
As, seated in his chair of cane,
He pecked a little biscuit bread
And sipped a little wine of Spain,
Until 'twixt half-awake and napping
He seemed to hear a timid tapping.

"Who knocks so late? Go on your way
Whoe'er you be, nor seek my cell,
This is the hour in which I pray,
And there's a hospice down the dell
Wherein they do both bake and brew,
Go there, my son, your rose beads tell
And take my blessing 'long o' you."

A small hand raised the latchet pin
And Maraquita entered in.

"O holy fray! here on my knees
I come to tell a dreadful thing!
My José promised, if you please,
From Cordova to bring the ring
And make of me his bonny bride
And wed me at midsummertide,
But now indeed for many an eve
I have not seen him,—and I grieve.
An herbero hath told to me
The Moira of the Haunted Well
Hath ta'en from me my good José
And holds him in unholy spell;
O father! father! loose the chain
And give my sweetheart back again."

The worthy father scratched the ring
Of grey hair round his polished crown,
"Daughter, this is a fearsome thing,
Would make a Christian angel frown,
And needs the candle, book and bell,
Yet keep thy trust and faith in view,
For Holy Church can baffle spell
Of José and of Moira too,
Though, my sweet lambkin, be thou sure
'Tis hard to exorcise a Moor.
Thou, therefore, go, thy griefs express
Unto Our Lady of Bitterness,
And I will try if chaunts can quell
This pestilent wanton of the well."

Upon a round-topped sodded mound
That stood out from the hillside's steep
Which formed a dusky brown background,
In solemn loneliness and deep
Heroic size a Calvary stood.
August and dread the Holy One
Hung ghastly on the accursed tree,
As saying deathly: "It is done,
Father, am I forsook by thee?"
Around his brow the spiny crown,
The death-sweat streaming to his knee,
And ichor blood gouts dropping down
Betrayed his last dread agony,—
While at the black foot of the cross
There wept the Mother Dolorous.

Young Maraquita, crushed and prone,
With tear founts streaming from her eyes,
Knelt on the sacred mount alone
And prayed in accents full of sighs:
Madre dolorosa, hear me!
Thou thyself hast anguish known,
Be thy holy influence near me,
May thy pity ease my moan;
By thine own heart-rending pangs
By seven dolours of thy Son!
Rescue from the witch's fangs
My own dear lover . . .
Here sudden ceased her words, for she
Fell fainting by the calvary.

The mist cleared, and night's pulse stood still
Above each sleeping vale and hill,
With the concave all darkly blue
And dotted with the glance of stars,
Like eyes of angels peeping through
The chinks of heaven's lattice bars,
Till o'er the hills a space waxed clear
As if the dark were growing thin,
Until it seemed a silvery mere
That white cloud curls were sailing in,
A sheen of pearl,—and then, eftsoon!
A common miracle was wrought,

For up shot the last-quarter moon
And floated upwards like a boat.

While Maraquita wildly prayed
Before the hill Gethsemane,
Her José the Moorress essayed
And made his prayer distractedly :
"O beauteous Moira ! keep thy vow,
I come to claim the promise now."

The Moira with her deep dark eyes,
O'er which the long black lashes clung,
Looked with a pitying surprise
And murmured in her broken tongue :
"O living man ! the dead are cold
In person, and to have and hold,
But take my hand and kiss my mouth."

He, with hot clasp, a fervid storm
Of kisses rained, as rain on drouth,
And took within its amorous grips
No shadow but a woman's form ;
Yet no response nor answering breath
Like balmy air from sunny south
Came, but the icy cold of death
Were on her mouth and finger tips.
He died as a tired infant dies,
While she looked on with soft sad eyes.

The Moorish ruin solemn stands
In its old guise of browns and greys
Upon the slope of the Moor lands,
In light and shade of moon's-change rays,
While Maraquita, cloistered nun,
Still prays, each setting of the sun,
For the lost soul of her José ;
And Spanish maids, when spinning done
And gossip comes with close of day,
Tell at the firesides in Granada
Of the dread Moira Encantada.

Hernewood, P.E.I.

HUNTER DUVAR.

ENGLISH FOOLS.

John Heywood was fool to Henry VIII., having been introduced to the King by Sir Thomas More. Mary Tudor had a great regard for Heywood, who indulged in much audacious talk. Bold as were his sayings, few of them appear witty. A landlord asked him : "How do you like my beer ? Is it not well hopped ?" "So well," replied Heywood, "That had it hopped a little further it would have hopped into water." Dr. Doran, in his "History of Court Fools," gives several specimens of Heywood's rhymed epigrams ; one of them is perhaps worth transcribing :

"Where am I least, husband ?" Quoth he, "In the waist ;
Which cometh of this, thou art vengeable a strait-laced.
Where am I biggest, wife ?" "In the waist, too," quoth she ;
"For all is waist in you, as far as I can see."

Heywood was a devoted Catholic, and after Mary's death he took up his abode in Mechlin and died there, jesting, it is said, with his last breath. Though Elizabeth was so good a Protestant that Heywood could not live near her Court, she was so bad a Protestant as to have a crucifix and lighted tapers in her private chapel, and Pace, her jester, was employed by Archbishop Parker to destroy those obnoxious ornaments in the Queen's oratory. Chester, another buffoon of that reign, was so scurrilous in his talk that Sir Walter Raleigh and Lord Knollys made him drunk and then had him built round with masonry, and only desisted from roofing him in on his promising never again to joke at their expense. Another gentleman whom he had abused stopped his mouth by sealing his beard and mustache together with wax. Elizabeth entertained many jesters, who, in their turn, entertained her ; Clod, Tarleton, and others. Her successor also had official buffoons. Passing over the less famous of these, we come to Archibald Armstrong, one of the most celebrated fools on record. Armstrong was born in Cumberland, and at a very early age entered the service of James I., before which he had been, tradition says, a sheep stealer. He went with Charles and Buckingham on their secret matrimonial expedition into Spain. He sent from thence a letter to the King, signed by his mark, in which he asks James to provide him with an interpreter of the Spanish language ; he had an English servant with him as valet. Archie Armstrong contrived to amass a large fortune. Of him it is written :

"Archie, by Kings and Princes graced of late,
Jested himself into a fair estate."

Archbishop Laud was the object of Archie's deep dislike and some of his bitterest sarcasms. He once, in presence of Charles I., asked leave, though Laud was present, to say grace before dinner. Permission being granted, the jester said : "Great thanks be given God, and little Laud to the devil." When Laud's anxiety to bring all Scotland into the Episcopal Church had resulted in a very serious opposition, Archie scoffed at Laud for his want of success ; and, after the news of the rising at Stirling against the Liturgy, he dared to accost Laud, on his way to the Council Chamber, with the question, "Who's the fool now ?" This insult was too great ; the jester was brought before the Council and condemned to have his coat pulled over his head, and to be banished from the Court, which sentence was immediately executed. For all that, Armstrong did not cease to revile the prelate.—*The Cornhill Magazine*.



Parents should never bride their children. Teach them to do that which is right because it is right, and not because of the penny or the orange you will give them.

If one ounce of powdered gum tragacanth be mixed in the white of six eggs, well beaten, and applied to a window it will prevent the rays of the sun from penetrating.

After removal of dust from the eye if pain and inflammation are still felt, a drop of castor oil should be placed in the eye with the feather-end of a quill, and a bandage worn for a few hours to secure rest and exclusion of light.

If you have choice apples that you want to keep it will pay to pick them carefully, wrap them in tissue paper and carefully store them away in shallow boxes or on shelves where they are easily accessible. A good apple is as valuable as an orange.

To cure hiccoughs, sit erect and inflate the lungs fully. Then, retaining the breath, bend forward slowly until the chest meets the knees. After slowly rising again to the erect position, slowly exhale the breath. Repeat this process a second time, and the nerves will be found to have received an excess of energy that will enable them to perform their natural functions.

TO SHRINK NEW FLANNEL.—New flannel should always be washed before it is made up, that it may be cut out more accurately, and that the grease it contains may be extracted. Wash in clean, warm water, as warm as the hand can well bear, and entirely by itself. Rub the soap to a strong lather in the water or the flannel will become hard and stiff. Wash it in this manner through two warm waters, with a strong lather in each. Rinse it in another warm water, with just sufficient soap in it to give it a whitish appearance. To this rinsing water add a little indigo blue. Wring and shake it well, and while drying shake, stretch and turn it several times. Flannel washed in this manner will look white and feel soft as long as it lasts, and never shrinks the least bit after the first washing. When dry, let it be stretched even, clapped with the hands, and rolled up tight and smooth till wanted.

MAIDS OF HONOUR.—One-half pint each of sweet and sour milk, two ounces of powdered rock candy, one tablespoonful of melted butter, yolks of four eggs beaten up, and the juice and grated rind of one lemon ; put the milk in a vessel, which set in another half full of water ; heat them to set the curd, then strain off the milk, rub the curd through a strainer, add the butter to it and the other ingredients ; make a paste with one pint of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and half a tea spoonful of salt ; sift all together ; wash the salt from half a pound of good butter in ice water, work half the butter by degrees into the prepared flour and mix with a little more that a gill of ice water, or enough to make a stiff dough ; roll out the paste and strew over it a part of the remaining butter divided into little pieces and dredged with flour ; roll up the dough like a jelly roll, and roll it out again with the rolling-pin ; repeat this latter process once more, and when rolled out thin add the remaining butter ; line little pans with this, fill with the mixture, and bake till they are firm in the centre.

WOMAN'S DOMAIN.

It always seems worth while to occasionally try various simple scientific experiments to give the little folks a glimpse into the wonders of science and then let them read up the why and the wherefore themselves. To illustrate the difference of sound coming through air or water, wring the dinner-bell in a tub of water and see how it is altered from its usual tone. To show the power of air fill a tin can with water, tie mosquito netting over the top, hold a piece of writing paper on top with one hand and turn the can upside down ; now hold it steadily and draw the paper slowly away ; the water will not pour out unless there is a hole made in the bottom of the can that is uncovered so the air can pass in from above.

An attractive and interesting article of home decoration, which the children will be pleased to see growing day by day, is made by simply placing a little common salt and water in a glass. In a couple of days a mist will be seen on the glass, and in a short time the tumbler will be thickly covered with beautiful salt crystals. The crystals may be altered in colour by adding to the salt water some red ink or a spoonful of blueing, which will tint the surface beautifully. If a particularly pretty result is desired use a vase instead of a plain tumbler. Place a dish underneath as the crystals will run over.

Another pretty experiment is to make a little hammock from a piece of muslin. Attach four threads to suspend it by ; soak for awhile in very salt water and let it dry ; then place in it an empty eggshell and set the hammock on fire. The muslin will be consumed, but the ashes left will be composed of crystals of salt that will hold together and keep the shell safe in the delicate frame-work. It is possible to have an entire egg instead of the shell, but prudence would suggest its being boiled hard in advance, as accidents are always liable to occur.

The preferred stationary for ladies is linen paper without gloss, white or cream tinted, smooth or rough in finish, and

of the standard octavo size, to fold once in a square envelope. Medium rough paper and etching paper, similar to that prepared for etchers, is used by those who write with stubbs or with quill pens. Insertion paper is a fancy novelty, with alternate thick and thin lines across the page. The coloured papers most used are pale blue and rose tinted, dark blue, and gray of several shades, and for these are cameo decorations which bring out the design in white relief. Monograms of most intricate lettering are again the fashion, stamped in colours, or in gold, silver or any of the coloured bronzes, or, newest of all, in steel letters that produce perfectly the effect of the metal. Instead of involved monograms, the separate initials in quaint, odd lettering are preferred by many, or else they are a facsimile of those of the writer. Family crests and coats of arms are stamped in the proper heraldic colours. A tasteful marking for a young lady's letter paper, and for the smaller "billet" sheets on which she writes her pretty notes, instead of using stiff cards, shows the initial of her last name done in brown to imitate a woody stem, supporting or surrounding a tiny blossom of her favourite flower in natural colours—a violet, a wild rose, forget-me-nots, a pansy or a primrose.

A lady widely popular as a guest in very pleasant houses was once asked what made her such a favourite. She answered that she did not know, unless it was because she took a good many naps in her own room. She further explained that the most welcome guest was inevitably some restraint on the movements and occupations of the family and that she herself aimed to reduce this to a minimum by keeping herself out of the way for a good deal of the time. In reality she rarely went to sleep in the daytime, but by locking herself into her own room for that ostensible purpose she not only gained rest for herself, but gave it to those around her. Then, if anyone said, anxiously, "Where is Elizabeth ?" the answer at once came, "She is lying down in her own room ; we must not disturb her." So the family could disperse with a clear conscience to the various occupations pressing on its members and by and by Elizabeth could reappear and find that she had begun to be really missed. "It will be seen that happiness in this case came from a judicious letting alone on both sides," explains *Harper's Bazaar* in relating this foregoing, "yet this is for both host and guest a hard thing to attempt. It is practiced magnanimously every morning in the great English households, where each guest is left for a time to his own devices. But this method is based upon such endless resources in the way of rides, drives, walks, guns, fishing rods, tennis courts, billiard rooms and libraries that it is really a provision by wholesale instead of retail ; like a breakfast table in the same establishments, where there is no formality, and a guest helps himself to what he likes. But it is no easy thing to adopt the same breadth of treatment in a small family where there is no great variety of rooms or appliances, and one domestic perhaps does duty for all. Still it is possible even there to deal with a guest in this general spirit ; to assume that he or she has resources of some kind—likes to read, or to write, or to sew, and can be allowed to choose among these occupations ; or can be allowed to stroll about the neighbourhood unattended without being suspected of being homesick and miserable. It must be remembered, too, that this is a land of overwork, and that a guest comes as often for rest as for stimulus. Whether country cousins be transplanted to the city or city cousins to the country, they must not be worked too hard. It is not essential that they should inspect every art museum and cooking school in the one case, or drive to every mountain view in the other, but it is essential that they should not go home more tired than they came."

For reception days a hostess wears a plain, dark, rich dress, taking care, however, says Mrs. Sherwood, the well-known authority on social usages, never to be overdressed at home. She rises when her visitors enter and is careful to seat her friends so that she can have a word with each. If this is impossible, she keeps her eye on recent arrivals to be sure to speak to everyone. She is to be forgiven if she pays more attention to the aged, or to some distinguished stranger, or to some one who has the still higher claim of misfortune, or to one of a modest and shrinking temperament, than to one young, gay fashionable and rich.

The fact that the two principal prizes offered by the Royal Academy last year were carried off by women, while a third was awarded a prize of £50 for a decorative design, shows that women are capable of pressing members of the opposite sex very hard in the race of success in an artistic work. Only a short time ago a young American girl, as already noted, had two works accepted by the Paris salon, and accorded places of honour, a distinction only to be gained by the most unquestioned merit.

ROUNDEL.

On pine-clad hills the light of day
Is lying strangely cold and white ;
In winter's bright but chill array,
On pine-clad hills the light.

But soon will come the whirling flight
Of wild-fowl, and the dashing spray
Of torrents rushing from the height.

The Frost King then shall yield his sway ;
His storm fiends shall no longer blight ;
Fair Spring will come, and warm will play
On pine-clad hills the light.

WILLIAM CARMAN ROBERTS.

The Rectory, Fredericton, N.B.

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Recamier Cream, which is first of these world famous preparations, is made from the recipe used by Julie Recamier. It is not a cosmetic, but an emollient to be applied at night just before retiring, and to be removed in the morning by bathing freely. It will remove tan and sunburn, pimples, red spots or blotches, and make your face and hands as smooth, as white and as soft as an infant's.

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40 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, JAN., 1887.

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HUMOUROUS.

SMITH (in Paris): Garçon, parlez vous Français? Garçon: Not ze American kind, Monsieur.

OMINOUS SIGNS.—"Tommy, you may go and cut me a good, strong birch rod." "Pa, I don't think it's a good day to go fishing."

ALPINE GUIDE, who has tied himself to two tourists; "Now, gentlemen, if either of you slips, speak quick, so that I can cut the rope at once!"

"I don't believe in the phrase, 'Everything goes,'" remarked Miss Amy to Dolley, as the clock pointed to twelve. "Indeed! what doesn't go?" asked Dolley, innocently. "You."

"WHAT is an agnostic?" asked Rollo. "An agnostic," replied Uncle George, "is a man who loudly declares that he knows nothing, and abuses you if you believe him."

"MARION," said Henry, proud of his newly acquired knowledge, "do you know that the earth turns round?" "Of tos it does!" answered Marion. "That's the reason I tumbles out of bed."

BELOVED BRETHREN.—"I have this evening been preaching to a congregation of idiots," said a conceited young parson. "Then what was the reason you always call them 'beloved brethren'?" replied a strong-minded lady.

MATTIE: Dot, what is a zebra? Dot (who has been looking into natural history for the last hour): A zebra? Why, Mattie, it's nothing but a funny little horse that wears striped stockings all over—clear up to his ears.

"Is that the Landseer, Mr. Croesus?" asked the visitor, pausing before the painting. "No," replied the host, "reckon it is a Durham. See how broad it is between the horns, and see the colour and curl on its forehead. That's a genuine Durham, sure."

NOTHING LIKE A CHANGE!—Dr. Cockshure: My good sir, what you want is a thorough alteration of climate. The only thing to cure you is a long sea voyage! Patient: That's rather inconvenient. You see I'm only just home from a sea voyage round the world!

FALSE ALARM.—Wife (time midnight): Hark! Husband! Wake up! I hear the rustling of silk and the clank of chains. Husband: You do? Horrors! Then the reports are true. I was told this house was haunted. Wife (much relieved): Oh, is that all? I was afraid Fido had broken loose and was tearing my new ball dress.

AN English gentleman was married at Antwerp the other day. When the pair left the Hotel de Ville, their friends bombarded them



A CANADIAN HUNTER IN THE ROCKIES.

(S. A. Smyth, photo., Calgary.)

with rice and old shoes. This friendly greeting was mistaken by the presiding policeman for a hostile demonstration; he at once summoned a file of soldiers to his assistance, and the Secretary of the English Club was marched into the guard-room under a strong escort.

PHILOSOPHER (to boatman rowing him across the lake): Do you understand astronomy? Boatman: No. I don't know what the word means. Philosopher: Then one-half of your life has been lost. Do you understand philosophy? Boatman: No. I never heard of philosophy. Philosopher: Then a quarter more of your life is gone. [Boat upsets and throws them both out.] Boatman: Do you swim? Philosopher: No. Boatman: Then the whole of your life is gone.

HERE is an Irish story which will amuse some of our readers: "An inside car-full of travellers was toiling up one of the long hills in the country Wicklow. The driver leaped down from his seat in front, and walked by the side of the horse. The poor beast toiled slowly and wearily, but the six inside were too busily engaged in conversation to notice how slowly the car progressed. Presently the driver opened the door at the rear of the car and slammed it to again. The passengers started, but thought the driver was only assuring himself the door was securely closed. Again the fellow opened the door and slammed it to again. The travellers turned around angrily, and asked why he disturbed them in that manner. 'Whist,' whispered the fellow, 'don't spake so loud—she'll overhear us.' 'Who is she?' 'The mare. Spake low,' he continued, putting his hand over his nose and mouth. 'Sure I'm desavin' the creature. Every time she hears the door slammin' that way she thinks one of yez is gettin' down to walk up the hill, and that rises her sperrits.' The insiders took the hint."

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HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

All even numbered sections, excepting 8 and 26, are open for homestead and pre-emption entry.

ENTRY.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office in which the land to be taken is situate, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, or the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, receive authority for some one near the local office to make the entry for him.

DUTIES.

Under the present law homestead duties may be performed in three ways:

1. Three years' cultivation and residence, during which period the settler may not be absent for more than six months in any one year without forfeiting the entry.
2. Residence for three years within two miles of the homestead quarter section and afterwards next prior to application for patent, residing for 3 months in a habitable house erected upon it. Ten acres must be broken the first year after entry, 15 acres additional in the second, and 15 in the third year; 10 acres to be in crop the second year, and 25 acres the third year.
3. A settler may reside anywhere for the first two years, in the first year breaking 5 acres, in the second cropping said 5 acres and breaking additional 10 acres, also building a habitable house. The entry is forfeited if residence is not commenced at the expiration of two years from date of entry. Thereafter the settler must reside upon and cultivate his homestead for at least six months in each year for three years.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

may be made before the local agent, any homestead inspector, or the intelligence officer at Medicine Hat or Qu'Appelle Station.

Six months' notice must be given in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands by a settler of his intention prior to making application for patent.

Intelligence offices are situate at Winnipeg, Qu'Appelle Station and Medicine Hat. Newly arrived immigrants will receive, at any of these offices, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them.

A SECOND HOMESTEAD

may be taken by any one who has received a homestead patent or a certificate of recommendation, countersigned by the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, upon application for patent made by him prior to the second day of June, 1887.

All communications having reference to lands under control of the Dominion Government, lying between the eastern boundary of Manitoba and the Pacific Coast, should be addressed to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or to H. H. Smith, Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

A. M. BURGESS,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

Department of the Interior,
Ottawa, Sept. 2, 1889.

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